
THE
MONTHLY VISITOR.

OCTOBER, 1799.

MEMOIRS

OF

LIEUT. GEN. SIR RALPH ABERCROMBIE.

HAVING in our last Number furnished our readers with a Sketch of the DUKE OF YORK; we now proceed to notice an officer who, next to his Royal Highness, has the principal command of the army destined for the reduction of Holland! There is a propriety in such a succession of characters, on whom the public eye is now intent; and who are, indeed, engaged in an undertaking the most important of all the events which the present melancholy contest has produced. Whilst the war continues, curiosity must *continue* to be excited, and our endeavours shall be unceasing for its gratification. Memoirs are always interesting, provided the subject is well chosen, and the incidents properly arranged. We feel a sympathy in the perusal of such kind of narratives, and, accordingly, pieces of biography have at all times been held in high estimation.

SIR RALPH ABERCROMBIE is a native of North Britain, and of a very respectable family. He has several brothers, some of whom have distinguished themselves on the theatre of public life. One of his brothers was killed at the battle of Bunker's Hill, near Boston,

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in America, in which many brave officers were lost to their country.

The subject of our Memoirs entered the army about the year 1756, and in the year 1760 he was made Lieutenant, a promotion which his early merit secured to him. He became Lieutenant-colonel in 1773, and was constituted Major General in 1787. From these several advancements, it appears that he passed regularly through the gradations which are necessary for eminence in a military station. The time intervening between the appointments, must have given him an excellent opportunity for acquiring skill in his profession.

In the year 1793, we have been credibly informed he attained to his present rank of *Lieutenant-general*, a station in which he has acquitted himself with a considerable degree of approbation. From this period it seems that his talents have been peculiarly called forth into exercise, and his conduct has justified the expectations of those individuals to whose patronage he is indebted for his promotions. At the commencement of the present war, he went over with the DUKE of YORK, and acted under him with uncommon zeal and ability. Were we to enter into particulars, various engagements might be specified in which his bravery was manifested. Unintimidated he faced the foe, nor did any one nerve remain unexerted for the acquisition of victory. Success, however, is not always attendant on the brave; but the brave endeavour to deserve that success which the fortune of war sometimes denies.

Before we quit this part of our Memoir, it may be proper just to mention, that at the conclusion of the campaign, when the Duke of York was unfortunate, SIR RALPH ABERCROMBIE had consigned to him the sick and wounded of every description. The multiplied horrors of war cannot be fully imagined. The havoc and destruction scattered around by the instruments of death, must be inconceivable. No person can properly conceive the state of an army after an unsuccessful

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cessful campaign, except he become an eye-witness of its miserable condition. To alleviate these distresses was the peculiar province, at that period, of this humane officer. His attention, we understand, on this occasion, to the wants and necessities of the army, in general, was very great, and is deserving of our warmest applause.

In 1795, SIR RALPH was appointed to undertake many commissions in the West Indies; expeditions to various parts were planned and executed by him with ability. Many of the islands were witnesses of the steadiness and perseverance which he displayed in the service of his country.

Upon his return home, he was soon destined to allay the discontents of unhappy Ireland. We mean not to enter into the history of the rise and progress of the rebellion in that kingdom. But we may say, and justice requires it should be said, that SIR RALPH ABERCROMBIE exerted his utmost efforts to effect the restoration of tranquillity. He was unwearied in his attempts to conciliate the minds of that distracted people, by calling them to their duty; an office, on any occasion, honourable to humanity.

The present expedition to Holland, designed to reduce the Dutch to their former allegiance to the Prince of Orange, is a great undertaking. To SIR RALPH ABERCROMBIE was the execution of this plan confided; and under his immediate eye, was the first debarkation of 12,000 troops, August 27, at the *Helder*, effected. We recollect reading the dispatches on that business, and we remarked his concern for the loss of several individuals who perished on that occasion. He particularly mentions how much he was affected at seeing the boats overset; not being able to afford any assistance to these unfortunate persons. Indeed nothing can be more afflictive to a man of sensibility, than to perceive his fellow-creatures miserable, and yet not pos-

less the means of affording them succour, when that succour is most wanted.

In the unfortunate affair of the 19th of last month, it must be remembered that this excellent officer was victorious, though he was afterwards obliged to relinquish the advantages he had gained. This affords no ground for censure; it was the fortune of war, against which no mortal can provide!

The losses of that day, however, were redeemed by the action of the 2d of October, in which the subject of our Memoir bore a most distinguished part. The battle (horrible to think) lasted from six o'clock in the morning till six in the evening. During this interval he was unceasing in his activity, and contributed, in an eminent degree, to the success of this bloody contest. He is spoken of by the DUKE of YORK, in the Gazette, in terms of the most unreserved approbation. The panegyric, indeed, is likewise extended to lieutenant-general Dundas, in conjunction with himself, and is too remarkable to be here omitted:

“The points where this well fought battle was principally contested, were (says His Royal Highness) from the sea-shore, in front of Egmont, extending along the sandy desert or hills, to the heights above Bergen; and it was sustained by the BRITISH COLUMNS, under the command of those *highly distinguished* officers SIR RALPH ABERCROMBIE, and Lieutenant-general Dundas, whose exertions, as well as the gallantry of the brave troops they led, *cannot have been surpassed by any former instance of BRITISH VALOUR.*”

Before we close this Sketch, it may be proper to mention, that this great officer appears to have been in the very heat of the engagement—for he had *two horses shot under him!* How imminent, therefore, must have been his danger! How much would it have been regretted, had the future services of this brave general been lost to his country! His escape then is most undoubtedly

doubtedly a matter of rejoicing, and we congratulate the public on the event. Long may he live, and extensive may be his usefulness in advancing the true welfare and real prosperity of Britain!

Such is our brief Memoir of SIR RALPH ABERCROMBIE, whose talents and virtues every impartial reader must applaud. We most sincerely regret the slaughter by which the reduction of Holland is attended. But we are not so unjust as to deny the tribute of applause to the merits of an officer, who by his courage and skill on other great occasions, has ensured to himself our admiration.

THE REFLECTOR.

[No. XXXII.]

THE EPODES OF HORACE.

Descend from Heav'n, and in a lengthen'd strain,
Queen of melodious sounds, and long maintain
Or on the voice, high-rais'd, the breathing flute,
The lyre of golden tone, or sweet Phæbean lute.
Hark! the celestial voice I raptur'd hear!
Or, does a sweet enthusiasm charm mine ear?
'Thro' hallow'd groves I stray, where streams beneath,
From lucid fountains flow, and zephyrs balmy breathe.

HORACE.

UPON the *Odes* of HORACE we have already, at some length, descanted. Their nature and tendency were explained, nor were their merits disregarded. The high and lofty tone which this kind of poetry assumes, was also mentioned; and specimens brought forward for the instruction and entertainment of our readers.

We now, therefore, proceed to the *Epodes*, between which and the *Odes* little difference obtains. The former are rather upon a lower key, but yet full of beau-

tiful strokes and excellent imagery. They breathe the same divine spirit by which the other works of Horace are impregnated, and for which they have always been so much and so justly admired.

It is amusing to examine the various conjectures which the learned have offered on the origin of the term *Epode*. That it is involved in a degree of obscurity must be confessed; but we have diverted ourselves by recollecting the labyrinths of controversy in which the enquirer has been involved.

Some grammarians have contended, that these poems were called *Epodes*, because in the first ten of them a short verse succeeds a longer; but this trait, in general, belongs to all kinds of poetry. Others say, that as the Grecian *Epode* closed the song, so, in Latin poetry, the sense is here concluded by the short verse, which follows the longer. But this is not true in fact. The Grecians, indeed, divided their ode into three parts, *Strophe*, *Antistrophe*, and *Epode*; but the Latins have no such parts in their poems. We may therefore fairly infer, that the Romans had no right to the title which is here adopted.

A commentator of HORACE, however, has displayed his critical sagacity in wisely supposing that the term *Epode* is given to this book, because some exceptionable pieces are contained in it. But surely this is a reason which can by no means be admitted; for the reprobated parts are not so numerous as to entitle this part of the Poet's writings to so much infamy.

Mr. FRANCIS, the ingenious translator of HORACE, suggests, with great probability, that these Odes were collected after our Poet's death, and added to his other productions. Hence they were called *Epodes*, or the *Book after the Odes*. This circumstance also, in his opinion, accounts for its inequality, a trait by which it undoubtedly stands characterized. There are, notwithstanding, many very pleasing parts; in which the playfulness and hilarity of the Poet are discernible.

cernible. Every classic reader of taste will admit the truth of our observation, which, indeed, cannot be seriously disputed.

A variety of passages from the *Epodes* might be selected; but we will confine ourselves to ONE ENTIRE EPODE, from which it will appear that our commendatory remarks are not without foundation.

The *second* Epode is entitled *The Praises of a Country Life*; a favourite topic with the poets in all ages and all nations of the world. We will select it in distinct passages, that its beauties may be more apparent to the eye.

The *happiness* of such a life is thus described at the commencement of the poem:

Like the first mortals, *blest* is HE,
From debts, and mortgages, and business free;
With his own team, who plows the soil,
Which grateful once confess'd his father's toil;
The sounds of war nor break his sleep,
Nor the rough storm that harrows up the deep;
He thuns the courtier's haughty doors,
And the loud science of the bar abjures.

The *employments* of the rural character are then thus pleasingly delineated:

Sometimes his marriageable vines
Around the lofty bridegroom elm he twines,
Or lops the vagrant boughs away,
Ingrafting better as the old decay;
Or in the vale, with joy surveys
His lowing herd safe wand'ring as they graze,
Or careful stores the flowing gold,
Press'd from the hive, or cheers his tender fold;
Or when with various fruits o'er-spread,
The mellow autumn lifts his bounteous head,
His grafted pears or grapes that vie
With the rich purple of the Tyrian dye,
Grateful he gathers, and repays
His guardian Gods on their own festal days;

Sometimes

Sometimes beneath an ancient shade,
 Or on the matted grafs supinely laid,
 Where pours the mountain stream along, |
 And feather'd warblers chaunt the soothing song ;
 Or where the lucid fountain flows,
 And with its murmurs courts him to repose.

The Poet next proceeds to specify the *Amusements of the Field*, which have always been in great repute, with the more rural classes of society :

But when the rain and snows appear,
 And wintry Jove loud thunders o'er the year,
 With hounds he drives into the toils
 The foaming boar, and triumphs in his spoils ;
 Or for the greedy thrush he lays
 His nets, and with delusive baits betrays ;
 Artful he sets the springing snare,
 To catch the stranger crane, or tim'rous hare.

Having thus sketched, with masterly hand, these enjoyments ; he then, with exquisite delicacy, compliments *Domestic Life* in these animated strains :

But if a chaste and virtuous wife
 Assist him in the tender cares of life ;
 Of sun-burnt charms, but honest fame,
 (Such as the Sabine or Apulian dame)
 Fatigu'd, when homeward he returns,
 The sacred fire with cheerful lustre burns ;
 Or if she milk her swelling kine,
 Or in their folds his happy flocks confine ;
 While unbought dainties crown the feast,
 And luscious wines from *this* year's vintage prest.
 — No more should curious oysters please,
 Or fish, the luxury of foreign seas,
 (If eastern tempests, thund'ring o'er
 The wintry wave, shall drive them to our shore ;)
 Or wild-fowl, of delicious taste,
 From distant climates brought to crown the feast,
 Shall e'er so grateful prove to me,
 As olives gather'd from the unctuous tree ;

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And herbs that love the flow'ry field,
 And cheerful health, with pure digestion yield;
 Or fasting, on the festal day,
 Or kid, just rescu'd from some beast of prey.
 Amid the feast, how joys he to behold
 His well-fed flocks home hasting to their fold;
 Or see his labour'd oxen bow
 Their languid necks, and drag th' inverted plow;
 At night his num'rous slaves to view
 Round his domestic gods their mirth pursue!

The conclusion of this Epode is singular; for though the reader all along imagines that HORACE himself speaks, yet, at the close, it comes out, that it is the language of an *usurer*, who, after having thus sweetly enumerated the *pleasures of a country life*, and even *determined* upon the enjoyment of them, repents of his resolution. The Poet thus conveys a lively idea of the pitiful soul of a miser, who denies himself joys which his wealth has enabled him to participate:

The US'ERER spoke; determin'd to begin
 A country life, he calls his money in;
 But ere the moon was in her wane,
 The WRETCH had put it out to *use* again!

Such is the *Second Epode*, and it is a fair specimen of this kind of poetry. The same ease, the same simplicity are apparent, for which all of HORACE's productions are distinguished.

These *Epodes* are *seventeen* in number, and their subjects can boast of variety. The *Fifth*, on the *Witch Canidia*; the *Seventh*, to the *Roman People*; and the *Thirteenth*, to *One of his Friends*, are all curious in their kind. The mysterious horrors of necromancy; the infamous thirst for war which characterized the conquerors of the world, and the tender aspirations of friendship, here rise to our minds with peculiar grandeur and sublimity. A poet always displays the superiority of his taste in two particulars; the choice of his subject

subject and the manner in which it is executed. Here then let it be remembered, that HORACE, with a very few exceptions, shines unrivalled; for the soundness of his judgment and the delicacy of his taste have long been the theme of admiration. To relish such writings may be deemed no inconsiderable test of our mental improvement.

GOSSIPIANA.

[No. XXXIV.]

VOLTAIRE.

WHEN a candle burns and gives light to a house, many wonderful things contribute to the phenomenon. The fat of the animal is the work of the Creator, or the wax of the bee is made by his teaching; the wick is from the vegetable wool of a singular exotic tree, much labour of man is concerned in the composition, and the elements that inflame it, are those by which the world is governed. But after all this apparatus, a child or a fool may put it out; and then boast that the family are left in darkness, and are running against one another. Such is the mighty achievement of Mr. Voltaire as to religion; but with this difference, that what is *real darkness* is by him called *illumination*, and there is no other between the two cases.

LORD BACON.

LORD Bolingbroke tells us, in his *Idea of a Patriot King*, that there is not a more profound, nor a finer observation in all Lord Bacon's works, than the following:—We must choose betimes such *virtuous objects* as are proportioned to the means we have of pursuing them, and belong particularly to the stations we are in, and the duties of those stations. We must *determine* and *fix* our minds in such a manner upon them, that

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that the pursuit of them may become the *business* and the attainment of them, the *end* of our whole lives. Thus shall we imitate the great operations of nature; and not the feeble, slow, and imperfect operations of art. We must not proceed in forming the moral character, as a statuary proceeds in forming a statue, who works sometimes on the face, sometimes on one part, and sometimes on another; but we must proceed, and it is in our power to proceed, as nature does, in forming a flower or any other of her productions; *rudimenta partium omnium simul parit et producit*; she throws out altogether, and at once, the whole system of every being, and the rudiments of all the parts.

EPIGRAM.

WHEN I call'd t'other day on a noble renown'd,
In his great marble hall lay the Bible *well bound*,
Not as printed by Baskett, and *bound up* in black,
But chain'd to the floor, like a thief by the back.
Unacquainted with *ton*, and your quality airs,
I suppos'd it intended for family prayers;
His *piety* pleas'd, I applauded his zeal,
Yet thought none would venture the BIBLE to steal;
But judge my surprize, when inform'd of the case,
He had chain'd it, *for fear it should fly in his face!*

EARL OF PEMBROKE.

LORD Chesterfield (says Lord Orford) thus directed a letter to the late Lord Pembroke, who was always swimming—*To the Earl of Pembroke, IN THE THAMES, over against Whitehall.* This direction was sure of finding him within a certain number of fathoms.

MR. GIBBON.

I finished Mr. Gibbon (says Lord Orford) a full fortnight ago, and was extremely pleased. It is a most wonderful mass of information, not only on history, but almost on all the ingredients of history, as war, government,

ment, commerce, coin, and what not. If it has a fault, it is in embracing too much, and consequently in not detailing enough, and in striding backwards and forwards from one set of princes to another, and from one subject to another; so that without much historic knowledge, and without much memory, and much method in one's memory, it is almost impossible not to be sometimes bewildered; nay, his own impatience to tell what he knows, makes the author, though commonly so explicit, not perfectly clear in his expressions.

CURIOUS EPITAPH,

Written by one of the Vicars of Kendal, in Westmoreland, and inscribed on his Tomb, by his Friends.

LONDON bred me, Westminster fed me,
Cambridge sped me, my sister wed me,
Study taught me, living fought me,
Learning brought me, Kendal caught me,
Labour press'd me, sickness distress'd me,
Death oppress'd me, the grave possess'd me,
God first gave me, Christ did save me,
Earth did crave me, and heav'n would have me.

GARTH AND DARWIN.

Is it not extraordinary, that two of our very best poets, Garth and Darwin, should have been *physicians*? I believe they have left all the *lawyers* wrangling at the turnpike of Parnassus.

TO MR. ROSCOE, ON HIS LIFE OF LORENZO DE MEDICI.

IF ever you had the pleasure of reading such a delightful book as your own, imagine, sir, what a comfort it must be to receive such an *anodyne* in the midst of a fit of the gout, that has already lasted above nine weeks, and which at first I thought might carry me to Lorenzo de Medici, before he should come to me!

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The complete volume has more than answered the expectations which the sample had raised. The Grecian simplicity of the style is preserved throughout; the same judicious candour reigns in every page, and without allowing yourself that liberty of indulging your own bias towards good, or against criminal characters, which over rigid critics prohibit. Your artful candour compels your readers to think with you, without seeming to take a part yourself. You have shewn, from his own virtues, abilities, and heroic spirit, why Lorenzo deserved to have Mr. Roscoe for his biographer. And since you have been so, sir, I shall be extremely mistaken if he is not henceforth allowed to be, in various lights, one of the *most excellent and greatest men* with whom we are well acquainted, especially if we reflect on the shortness of his life, and the narrow sphere in which he had to act.

ORFORD.

CURIOUS SIGHT AT PALERMO.

AMONG the remarkable objects in the vicinity of Palermo (says SONNINI) pointed out to strangers, they fail not to singularize a convent of Capuchins, at a small distance from town, the beautiful gardens of which serve as a public walk. You are shewn under the fabric a vault, divided into four great galleries, into which the light is admitted by windows cut out at the top of each extremity. In this vault are preserved, not in flesh, but in skin and bone, *all the Capuchins* who have died in the convent since its foundation, as well as the bodies of several persons from the city. There are here private tombs belonging to opulent families, who even after death disdain to be confounded with the vulgar part of mankind. It is said, that in order to secure the preservation of those bodies, they are prepared by being gradually dried before a slow fire, so as to consume the flesh without greatly injuring the skin. When perfectly dry, they are invested with the Capuchin habit,

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and placed upright on tablets, disposed step above step along the sides of the vault, the *head*, the *arms*, and the *feet* are left naked. A preservation like this is horrid. The skin discoloured, dry, and as if it had been tanned, nay, torn in some places, is glewed close to the bone. It is easy to imagine, from the different grimaces of this numerous assemblage of fleshless figures, rendered still more frightful by a long beard on the chin, what a hideous spectacle this must exhibit; and whoever has seen a Capuchin alive, may form an idea of this singular **REPOSITORY** of *dead friars*.

NATIONAL INSTITUTE

OF

SCIENCES AND ARTS AT PARIS.

THIS establishment belongs to the whole nation. 1. Its object is the advancement of the arts and sciences by a course of uninterrupted enquiry, and a constant correspondence with literary and philosophical societies in foreign nations; and particularly to mark and record the literary and scientific labours, that have for their object not only the general benefit of mankind, but the glory of the Republic. 2. It is composed of 144 members, resident in Paris, and an equal number of associates dispersed throughout the different provinces of the Republic. Its associates in foreign nations are in number twenty-four, being eight for the three different classes. 3. The Institute is divided into three classes, and each class into different sections; thus—

First Class.—Sciences, Physical and Mathematical, comprehending 1. Mathematics. 2. Mechanical Arts. 3. Astronomy. 4. Experimental Physics. 5. Chemistry. 6. Natural History and Mineralogy. 7. Botany and Vegetation in general. 8. Anatomy and Zoölogy.

Zoölogy. 9. Medicine and Surgery. 10. Rural Economy and the Veterinary Art.

Second Class.—Moral and Political Sciences, comprehending 1. The Analysis of Sensations and Ideas. 2. Morals. 3. The Science of the Social Order and Legislation. 4. Political Economy. 5. History. 6. Geography.

Third Class.—Literature and the Fine Arts, comprehending, 1. Grammar and Antient Languages. 2. Poetry. 3. Antiquities and Monuments. 4. Painting and Sculpture. 5. Architecture. 6. Music and Declamation. The coupling of these two last articles reminds us of these beautiful lines :

“The angel ended, and in Adam’s ear
So charming left his voice, that he awhile
Thought him still speaking, still stood fix’d to hear.

MILTON.”

ON MARRIAGE.

BY W. MUDFORD.

THERE is no time of life when mature consideration and cool reflection are so powerfully demanded, as when a man begins seriously to think of marriage. It is then, and only then, that we stand so much in need of all our powers of ratiocination. It is then that we ought to look into ourselves, and see, with an impartial eye, whether or not we are in any respect fit for the bondage. We should weigh in the scale of consideration our humours, our passions, our caprices, our exacerbations, and, lastly, our virtue ; then observe which bears the greater weight. If our foibles, how should we act then ? Should we inconsiderately load them on the weaknesses of another ? No. Should we not rather keep them to ourselves, and use our utmost endeavours to suppress them ? Most certainly.

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Another consideration ought to form a part of our reflections previous to marriage. We should question ourselves rigidly. Ask if we are qualified to bear the many petty cares and difficulties which inevitably attend the marriage state. Whether we are qualified to endure all the individually trifling demands of attention which are due; but which, following in quick succession, weigh down the spirits and sour the natural gaiety and vivacity of man. Attentions which, considered singly, appear to demand little or no regard as to the performance of their being in themselves so trivial; and then erroneously imagining they will naturally come, or at least will be rendered habitual. But it is no such thing.

The man who considers himself attentively, will quickly observe that he is born with a spirit of superiority and an ardent desire of liberty; he will observe that things which scarce excite notice in a woman, are to him fetters of the most impregnable nature. Thus when married, unused to be controuled, he cannot at first submit to the yoke; he cannot tacitly obey the apparent imposition—he endeavours to harmonize it to his feelings, but cannot. It becomes then still more insupportable, and at length utterly impossible; at that instant he feels he would be a man;—at that instant he feels there is nothing on earth so desirable as liberty—but his is bartered. He reflects it cannot be regained, and sits down determined to quarrel with the world, and view, with the jaundiced eye of envy, those pleasures in which he cannot participate.

Such too often is the bitter result of indiscreet and early marriages. By indiscreet marriages, I would be understood alliances where there is too great a disparity of age; where tempers are not similar, or where pursuits are diametrically opposite. For what in nature can be more ridiculous and absurd, than for a man in the prime of youth to marry a woman of fifty; or a man of placid manners a woman of a volatile temper;

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or a man of genius his own illiterate maid-servant ? It is madness in the extreme, and an insult to the human species.

Thus far I have considered marriage as an evil, under peculiar circumstances. I shall now make a few observations relative to the subject, and conclude my essay with an enumeration of the happy circumstances which attend a well premeditated and equitable union.

It is an undoubted fact, that that man is wise who can act consonant to his own feelings. From thence then is obviously deducible, that a marriage founded on disinterested motives, and every way congenial to the pure dictates of either heart, must prove a source of lasting and uninterrupted happiness ; I mean as far as relates to the mere marriage itself. It is of the highest importance, generally speaking, that a man should be made acquainted with the motives which may actuate the woman. It would be the means of obviating the miseries attendant on deceptions of that nature.

The cohabitation of the two sexes, constitute part of the duty we owe to the Almighty. We were formed for each other, and, separated, our existence would become miserable. How unsociable a being would man be, were he deprived, for a certain period, of all intercourse with woman ? Desire to please—to captivate—to enjoy, would in him become extinct. In the midst of his species he would be alone, the evening would be as the morning, the morning as the evening—all to him dark, gloomy, and void of hope ; he would retire to rest, to sleep his cares away, and wish to sleep for ever ; he would wake but to imbibe a still stronger hatred to life. These positions are equally applicable to the female sex.

The human mind has certain perceptions which, if suffered to remain idle, would become callous. They must be exercised, not left to inactivity. Condemn a man to perpetual slavery in the deserts of Arabia ; let him not have the most distant hope of renovation,

and by progressive approximation to misery, he will at length become so hardened, that the very idea of happiness will be banished from his mind, and he will cease to look upon it as a desirable object. Thus with a man debarred the intercourse with woman, he would in time learn to suppress every finer feeling, sentiment, and sensation, which inclined towards them; and establish in his breast one only passion, a final and determined hatred of his species. I shall take a future opportunity to expatiate more largely on this subject; for the present I shall regard the nature of my essay.

Marriage may certainly be considered as a lottery of good and evil; but, at the same time, it must be allowed, that the possession of either the one or the other, depends almost entirely on the reasoning faculties of the principal agent in it. As I have before observed, let every thing bear, as far as possible, a similarity. Let not parsimony be wedded to profuseness—the young to the adult—urbanity to petulancy—nor learning to ignorance; for any one of these disproportionate unions must almost inevitably terminate in tauntings, revileings, and misery. Would men allow themselves a little sober reflection ere they marry, they would then have no cause to repent it afterwards. I shall conclude the present essay with some few remarks on the foregoing assumption.

It is not in the power of man to look into the book of fate. We, therefore, can but speculatively provide for future happiness. In that, then, our reason ought to be the grand criterion by which we ought to act.

We decisively affix to a man who meets a danger he might avoid, the appellation of a fool, dolt, or even coward, in some instances. What then can we call that man who voluntarily drags upon himself an irremediable evil; an evil which nor time nor circumstance can seldom cure? What but madness! and that too in the extreme.

He

He alone can be accounted wise, who soberly reflects ere he performs.—He alone, strictly speaking, may be said to weigh well the mutability and passivity of all human happiness; and that it is not to be trifled with or bartered for a toy. He alone opposes opinions—advances positions—encounters difficulties—and solves problems, all tending to the main object. He alone duly considers, that all human things are subject to revolution and decay, and happiness the most; and for this very reason, that it should be fixed on the firm basis of reason, and not to fluctuate between conviction and idea. And what is the produce which he reaps from his rich and intellectual soil, I will shew.

Married to a woman who is as a mirror reflecting the same virtues, the same passions, the same sympathies, and, in fact, every thing, he feels himself supremely happy. He imparts an idea with a certain motive, and it is received with a similar one.—He offers a position, and it is assented to—he makes a remark, and it meets with approbation—he demands an explanation, and it is given; in a word, there is not a wish, a desire, or an idea which is not granted and co-incided with; an incitement which has not its partner, or a command which is not obeyed through love and with self-approbation. Judge then, readers, whether this man does, or does not, feel the **HAPPINESS OF MARRIAGE.**

THE WONDERFUL
ESCAPE OF THE FRENCH DEPUTIES
 FROM
 SINAMARY,

Near Cayenne, in South America,

*Whither they were transported 1797, without even Trial
 or Examination—By RAMEL, One of those said De-
 puties.*

IT was now the first of June, and the appointed day was at hand, as well as the scene that was to facilitate our enterprise. The *dénouement* of our plot approached under the sinister omen of the funeral obsequies of our friends. We had recently performed the last offices to Laffond, when Captain Tilly brought us intelligence, that Jeannet had given orders to send him and all his crew to Cayenne, for which place they were to embark next day. To us this news was like a thunder-bolt, and almost disheartened us. Tilly, however, was absolutely determined to sacrifice himself, and to hide himself in the woods till the next day (the third of June), which was the last day appointed for our awful attempt. On that day he said he would run to the canoe on a signal agreed upon. We had great difficulty to induce him to give up the honour of so great an action to the brave Berwick. We observed to him, that Berwick disappearing at the time of calling over the crew of the prize, would not awaken so much suspicion as that of the captain, whose visits to the deported persons, and his walks with them, had been already too much noticed. It was, however, with great reluctance that Tilly yielded to this last consideration. He parted from us indeed to expose himself even to greater dangers than we encountered, as on him would fall all the fury of Jeannet, whether we were so happy as to escape, or whether we were so unfortunate as to be discovered and arrested with Berwick. But Tilly

thought

thought of nothing but of our safety ; and, if we could but once arrive at Surinam, he cared not what became of himself. How affecting was our parting scene ! who among us all could venture to flatter himself with the hope of seeing thee again, worthy, incomparable Tilly !

Berwick instantly disappeared and concealed himself in the woods. It was agreed, that, two days after (on the 3d of June), at the nine o'clock gun, he should be upon the bank of the river under the bastion ; and that he should leap into the canoe the moment he saw us appear : but we were extremely uneasy on his account, for, as we feared, he was almost devoured by noxious animals ; nor could he defend himself from the serpents, and that terrible animal the cayman, but by continuing thirty-six hours on a tree, and even there he was not secure from tigers.

Captain Poisvert had invited the commandant of the fort to dinner, on the 3d of June, on board the American prize, in return for the kind reception he had met with, and the assistance he had received from the garrison, which had two days before vigorously attacked an English privateer, that had approached the anchorage. At the same time that he entertained the commandant with a handsome dinner, and gave him the choicest wines he had on board, he had distributed to the garrison some common Bourdeaux wine. A girl, who had arrived some days before from Cayenne, did the honours, and delivered bottles of wine in profusion to the soldiers in their barracks and guard-house, to the negroes in their rooms, to the sentinels at their posts, and to the deported under their corridor. Ah ! how long this day appeared ! with what pleasure we watched this young girl thus joyously pouring out bumpers to the half intoxicated soldiers ! Her activity and solicitude served us to our utmost wishes.

Every one drank freely, as we did ourselves, and, seeming to take part in these orgies, we feigned a quarrel

rel among us while at dinner, in order to avoid giving the most trifling indication of the plot. Aubry and Larue abused Barthélemy, le Tellier also took part in the dispute, Doffonville and Pichegru threatened each other, and Willot and myself seemed desirous of pacifying the rest. Glasses and plates flew about, and the uproar was so great, that the rest of the deported persons came in to separate us. The Abbé Brothier himself endeavoured to put an end to this disturbance, which only increased the more: but Barthélemy, who was the least skilful in feigning passion, coolly breaking his glass in an awkward gesture of rage, a burst of laughter had nearly betrayed us.

Night came on, and we saw the commandant Aimé brought in, dead drunk, like a corpse. Silence had now succeeded to the songs and cries of intoxication, and the soldiers and negroes lay dispersed here and there. The service was forgot, and the guard-house abandoned.

Before we retired into our rooms we took leave of Marbois, to whom our separation was a painful sacrifice, and who considered this as our last hour. The clock struck nine, the last we heard at Sinamary, and Doffonville, who was upon the watch, gave us all notice to begin our enterprize; upon which we went out and assembled near the gate of the fort, of which the draw-bridge was not yet up. All was sleep and silence. I mounted the bastion of the guard-house with Pichegru and Aubry, and went directly to the sentinel (the contemptible drummer who had so often tormented us), and asked him the hour. He made no answer, but fixed his eyes upon the stars; upon which I seized him by the throat, while Pichegru disarmed him, and we dragged him along, throttling him so as to prevent his crying out. We were now upon the parapet, and he struggled so violently that he got away from us and fell into the river. We then rejoined our companions at the foot of the rampart, and, perceiving no one in the guard-house, ran in and took arms and cartridges. We then

then went out of the fort and flew to the canoe. Berwick was already there, and helped us to get into it. Barthélemy, who was very infirm and less active than the rest of us, fell, and sunk into the mud; but Berwick caught hold of him and saved him, and, having put him into the canoe, cut the rope. Berwick now took the helm, while we, motionless and silent, went with the stream. The current and the tide bore our light bark rapidly along, and we heard nothing but the murmurs of the waters and of the land breeze, which swelled our little sail and wafted us from our tomb of Sinamary.

We now approached the redoubt at the point which it was necessary to pass, and therefore we struck our sail to avoid being seen. We knew that the eight men, who were upon guard at the redoubt, had received their share of the favours of Captain Poisvert, and that they also must be drunk. We accordingly were not hailed, and the tide carried us beyond the bar. We passed to the left of our brave friend Tilly's ship, and very near the schooner la Victoire, which was lately arrived from Cayenne, and which we knew was commanded by the worthy Captain Bracket, to whom our escape must have given great pleasure, and who certainly would not have opposed us.

The breeze freshened and the sea was smooth. But, had we left the coast, we should have been in danger of mistaking our tract; and, if we kept too near the shore, we might have fallen upon the rocks, which are numerous there as far as Iraconbo. The moon now suddenly appeared, as if on purpose to give us light. This was a delicious moment. We congratulated each other, and thanked Providence and our generous pilot, who was in a dreadful state, being much swelled and disfigured by the stings of venomous insects.

We had proceeded smoothly for about two hours, when we heard three guns, two from the fort of Sinamary, and one from the redoubt at the point; and, soon after, the post at Iraconbo answered with three. We doubted

not

not but our flight was now discovered, yet were no longer afraid of a direct pursuit from Sinamary, where there was not one boat that could go out to sea. At all events, we had already got considerably the start of them, and the ships in the road alone could have given us chase. But Captains Poifvert and Bracket, over whom Aimé had no command, would not have weighed anchor and put to sea without orders from Jeannet.

We had, therefore, nothing to apprehend but from the detachment of Iraconbo, which we knew consisted but of twelve men; nor could they come after us but in a boat nearly like our own, with eight or ten armed men on board. We continued, however, ranging along the coast, and got our arms in readiness, being determined to defend ourselves if attacked, or in case our passage under the fort of Iraconbo should be impeded.

At four in the morning, we heard two guns to the eastward, which were answered, within a minute after, by another close to us. We were at this time before the fort, but it was dark, and we saw nothing. We sailed fast, and when day appeared, Iraconbo was to leeward of us. We had now no fear of being pursued, and had only the dangers of the sea to overcome.

Our canoe was so small and so low sided, that every sea filled it; so that we were continually at work bailing her, and she was so light, that the least motion might have upset us. Hence we were nearly lost by an imprudence of which I alone was guilty. As I was rowing, I happened to make a false stroke with my oar, and my hat fell into the water; upon which, leaning eagerly over to regain it, I threw the boat out of her trim, and it was with great difficulty we rightened her. But Berwick's address, together with our activity, soon remedied this disaster; and I was severely reprimanded by Pichegru, whom we had made our captain. Barthélemy, being still covered with mud, took this opportunity to wash himself. I had the misfortune to lose my hat, and had no means of defending my head from the burning

rays

rays of the sun, but by making myself a turban of some Banana leaves, which the negro fisherman had left in the bottom of the canoe.

As we had neither compass nor instruments for taking the sun's altitude, we might have lost our way in the night; and the least gale of wind might have driven us out to sea, whenever we were obliged to keep off the shore, on account of the rocks or currents near the mouths of rivers. It had been impossible for us to bring away any provision, and we had not even a biscuit or a drop of water. Le Tellier, however, had brought two bottles of rum; and we were persuaded, the winds that constantly blow from east to west along this coast would carry us, in two days, to Monte-Krick. It was enough, therefore, if we could support our strength till then by means of this spirituous liquor.

On the 4th we suffered much from the heat. We had, however, a good breeze, with which we ranged along the coast; and when night prevented us from seeing the land, we reckoned that we were opposite the mouth of the river Marowni, the banks of which are the limits that separate the Dutch and French territories, and which is but forty leagues to windward of the port of Monte-Krick. Yet at eleven o'clock, when the moon rose, we perceived nothing either in the appearance of the land, or the motion of the water, to shew that we were near a great river. On the 5th we were not more fortunate, and we pursued our course till night, without any signs of the river or fort of Marowni. We were still, in all probability, somewhat to windward of the river of Amaribo, a part of the coast which rises a little towards the north-east, and intercepts the view.

On the 6th we were becalmed. Having now been three days without food, we suffered the most cruel hunger and were extremely parched by the sun, the heat of which was not now tempered by the breeze; and, as our minds were neither occupied by motion, nor supported by the hope of speedily reaching the end

of our fatiguing voyage, we were forcibly struck with the horror of our situation, and it is with difficulty we kept up our courage; for we had now nothing to expect from human assistance, nothing from our own exertions, which were thus deluded by the elements. It was on this very day of despair that we mutually urged each other to sacrifice even our just resentment, and not to suffer vengeance to take possession of our minds. We swore, in the presence of the Almighty, never to bear arms against our country, and resigned ourselves to the will of Providence.

The next day, the 7th June, and the 4th of our voyage, a breeze sprang up, and freshened a little towards eight o'clock in the morning; and at ten we were in sight of Fort Marowni, and opposite the mouth of the river, which the shallow reefs and currents render very dangerous. It was, indeed, with great fatigue and risk we surmounted these obstacles. We were also much harassed by the monstrous sharks that surrounded and attacked our canoe, and which we were obliged to drive off by firing at them.

We supported the torment of hunger with so much patience, as even to indulge in pleasantries relative to the various symptoms of our sufferings. In the meanwhile we continually watched, but still in vain, for the fort and river of Orange, and at six o'clock in the evening were again becalmed.

At three in the morning of the 8th, the wind freshening, we got under weigh. At one we were in sight of Fort Orange, which we doubled, intending not to go on shore until we got as far as Monte-Krick, as had been recommended to us; and were opposite the fort, at about a gun-shot from it, when we were saluted with several guns loaded with ball, and of a large calibre, which followed each other so rapidly, that we should inevitably have been sunk, had we not gone further out to sea. This severity made us afraid of again approaching the shore; but we have since learnt, it was merely
intended

intended to make us hoist our flag, of which we had none.

At four o'clock in the afternoon the sky lowered, the wind increased, and we sailed very fast; yet we could scarcely escape the swell of the sea, which drove us towards the shore. Our brave pilot hoped we should reach Monte-Krick before the storm, but we could not expect to weather it. We were now every moment in danger of being lost: Berwick steered towards the shore, and the instant we gained it, a heavy sea broke and upset us. It was low water, and we sunk in the mud; yet notwithstanding the exertions we were obliged to make to disengage ourselves, notwithstanding the dreadful storm that raged around us, we did not lose hold of our canoe, and even succeeded in setting her upon her bottom.

At length we got on shore, not knowing where we were, or whether it was possible for us to go along the coast as far as Fort Orange, from which we reckoned ourselves eight leagues; although, in reality, our distance was but four.

We were now worn out with hunger and fatigue; our ragged clothes were wet, and covered with mud, and we found no shelter but a wood, which was full of insects and reptiles. We had lost our arms and ammunition when the canoe was upset: night was coming on, and we heard nothing but the howling of tigers and the roaring of the sea. What a dreadful night! The winds raging, a deluge of rain falling, and accompanied with chilling cold. We were obliged to exert all our strength and labour throughout the night to keep hold of our canoe, which the waves continually washed away; and which, notwithstanding all our exertions, was much damaged. It will hardly be believed, that we still retained sufficient strength to persevere in these efforts, after having suffered so much fatigue during five days and nights, without food. We were all naked in the sea, struggling with the waves, which were thus

M. 2

robbing

robbing us of our last hopes. Barthélemy, notwithstanding his infirmities, worked with the rest, and afforded an example of patience and courage during this dreadful night.

At day break on the 9th of June, which was the 6th day since our departure from Sinamary, we beheld each other with mutual compassion, half frozen with cold and almost ready to sink under our fatigues. We consoled ourselves by saying "*at least we shall not die in their hands.*"

Pichegru had saved his pipe and his utensils for lighting it, with which we contrived to make a fire and thus dried our clothes. At length the heavens became serene, but the wind continued to blow with violence.

We now laid ourselves down upon our bellies on the sand, unable to defend ourselves from the stings of insects and the bites of crabs. Fortunately le Tellier had taken so good care of his little stock of rum that half a bottle still remained: but our hearts were so depressed, that we had not strength to swallow, and only refreshed ourselves by washing our mouths and lips with these spirits.

During this day, (the 9th June) the heroic le Tellier had contrived a shelter for Barthélemy with branches of trees, and while the latter lay down to rest, or rather to faint, le Tellier, forgetting his own sufferings, drove away the insects with a light branch, particularly from the face and hands of his master. What an affectionate attachment! what a glorious part did this worthy fellow act in alleviating our misfortunes!

At night the sky was again overcast, and we were obliged to work while the tide was in, to preserve our canoe, which we had no means of fastening. As the tigers approached very near us, we increased our fire; and thus we passed the remainder of this night which was the second since we were cast on shore and the 7th of our escape.

At

At day-break on the 10th of June we perceived at a distance, a vessel, which Berwick discovered to be an English privateer.

We had sheltered ourselves under some trees, where we had formed a kind of hut, from which I went out at six in the morning, to examine the weather and our canoe. Having crawled a few steps, I perceived, about 200 paces from us, on the beach, two armed men, upon which I ran in, crying, "*I see men*;" all our party instantly rose up, and Berwick, though the most indisposed, on account of having been so severely stung in the woods of Sinamary, darted forward towards them, while we concealed ourselves, that our numbers might not alarm them. On seeing our poor Berwick, who scarcely retained the form of a human being, the two soldiers stopped and leveled their muskets at him, on which he fell upon his knees and raised his hands in a suppliant posture, at the same time crying out, making signs, and pointing to the canoe. The soldiers listened to him, and came towards him, and at the same time we all surrounded them. We soon found they were two German soldiers of the garrison of Monte-Krick, and Pichegru entering into conversation with them, learnt that we were but three leagues from that fort. These men had been sent on duty from Fort Orange, where they would not fail to give an account of the number and situation of the persons they had found cast away, and therefore we determined to depute two of our party to the commandant of the fort, to ask for succours and exhibit our passports, but at the same time concealing who we were.

We fixed upon Barthélemy and la Rue, whom we caused to drink the remainder of our rum before they set out. At the very time they arrived at Fort Orange, the commandant was dispatching a picquet of fifty men to fetch us away. Our ambassadors declared the object of our voyage, stating us to be merchants, and describing all the particulars of our being cast away, in conse-

quence of which we had lost all our provisions and effects; and, adding, that the bad state of our canoe, which was almost broken to pieces, would not admit of our putting to sea again after the storm. The commandant received them with great humanity, and having ordered them some victuals, sent workmen and negroes to repair our boat and assist in setting it afloat, and to search for our pretended merchandize. When we saw this troop, consisting of about twenty persons at a distance, we were very uneasy, till two of these workmen who spoke French had explained their orders, upon which, having shewed them the canoe, they drew it ashore and began to repair it with the greatest industry and skill.

At six in the evening Barthélemy and la Rue arrived; but they were so much overjoyed and so agitated, that they did not think of bringing us a bottle of water. We could scarcely believe that Barthélemy had strength enough remaining to perform a journey of eight leagues on these burning sands.

Our canoe being now repaired, and the sea having become smooth, we were desirous of immediately embarking; but were obliged to wait for the tide. In the mean while, the workmen, whom we recompensed as well as we could, and whom we were sorry to detain during the night, had orders not to leave us till they saw us at sea. Poor Berwick was growing worse, and as we were obliged to pass this night also amidst hostile insects, it might have proved the last of his life: for it must not be forgotten, that this worthy fellow, whose corporeal strength equaled his courage and generosity, had suffered cruel torments during the two days he had passed in the woods of Sinamary, waiting for the appointed time of our expedition. We had now not an instant to lose, to save him who had preserved our lives.

At day-break, on the 11th June, Barthélemy, La Rue, Aubry, and Doffonville, set off along the coast towards

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wards Monte-Krick, to procure food and lodgings for the poor shipwrecked merchants.

Some hours after their departure, and at high water, Pichegru, Willot, le Tellier, and myself, re-entered our canoe, which the workmen vigorously pushed off, and then took their leave of us; while Berwick, though almost dying, resumed the helm. A little before noon, we entered the small river of Monte-Krick, where we landed, while Berwick triumphed in our success, which he considered as the full reward of his kindness and generosity.

The commandant of the post at Monte-Krick had already received our companions with kindness, and had ordered us a spacious, clean, and comfortable room, by the side of the creek. What a moment of joy was that of our meeting in this happy place! Our friends had prepared for us two fowls, some rice, and bread, which, on this occasion, was watered with tears of pleasure and gratitude! We were alive! We had escaped our persecutors, the dangers of the waves, and the horrors of famine! In short, we were free!

Having taken a little nourishment, though with many precautions, we made fast our boat, which we cherished as if it had been an animated being, and towards which we felt both affection and gratitude.

AN
EXCURSION INTO THE WEST OF ENGLAND,
DURING THE MONTH OF JULY, 1799.
IN
FOUR LETTERS TO A FRIEND.

BY THE REV. JOHN EVANS, A. M.

LETTER II.*

DEAR SIR,

HAVING in my last epistle delineated my route to *Sidmouth*; I now proceed to give you an account of this place and its vicinity.

The friend who had admitted us beneath his hospitable roof, possessed a spot remarkable for the neatness of its appearance and the felicity of its situation. I eagerly availed myself of the light of the ensuing day, to ascertain the nature of the place whither I had arrived amid the shades of midnight darkness. The house, I found, was inclosed by a garden, highly cultivated, abounding with fruit, and furnishing a prospect both of the ocean and of the surrounding country. At one of its extremities lay a summer house, into which we ascended by a flight of steps, and from which the sea burst upon the eye of the spectator with uncommon grandeur. Its hoarse resounding murmurs were even thence distinctly heard by the listening ear; and struck with the

* It may be necessary to apprise the reader that another account of the *small pox*, at *Blandford*, prevails, viz. that the removal of the inhabitants into the open air was favourable to the disease, and thus operated to produce among the faculty a more cool treatment of it. Be this as it may, it is proper that both accounts should be mentioned. The reader will be pleased to correct, with his pen, a typographical error in the last letter—hats, for *hops*, in the article of Weyhill fair.

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contemplation of so immense a body of water, I was ready to exclaim with Thomson :

And, THOU, majestic main,
A world of secret wonders in thyself,
Sound *his* stupendous praise, whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall !

Instead of attempting to describe *Sidmouth* with my own pen, I will present you with an account obligingly drawn up by my friend, with which you will be much pleased. His residence at the place for many years, joined to the inquisitive turn of mind which he is known to possess, well fitted him for the delineation of the subject.

"Sidmouth is seated at the bottom of the immense bay which is formed by the two noted head lands, Portland Point and the Start Point. It was, formerly, a place of considerable note, and possessed an ample harbour for shipping, and an extensive trade : but such have been the encroachments of the ever restless ocean upon this part of our coasts, that its port is now lost, and its trade annihilated. Different geographers, speaking of this place, tell us that its harbour is now choaked up by sand ; but this is palpably an inaccuracy, as the harbour was certainly *not* formed by any inlet of the sea, and consequently could not be filled up by the accumulation of marine substances. The fact is, the land to the westward of the town, formerly projected far beyond its present boundary into the sea, and probably formed a Bight-Bay, or natural pier, within which vessels sought refuge in time of danger. This supposition is the more plausible, as immense rocks are now seen at low water, stretching far from the point just mentioned, in a southern direction, and pointing out to the observing eye an eligible basis for the re-erection of such a work : nay, more, there are those who can recollect a chain of rocks similar to the very picturesque one which yet rears its head and defies the buffetings of the waves, which followed each

each other to the southward, till they were lost in the depths of the ocean. But though no trace of the port *now* remains, and even the remembrance of it is swept away by the tide of time, this is by no means the case with respect to the commerce and spirit of enterprise which once animated this place. Tradition tells us that the pilchard fishery, that immense source of national wealth, was once carried on to a great extent by the natives of Sidmouth: that its hardy sons, with every returning season, sought their finny stores, and pursued them along the coasts of Cornwall, round the Scilly Isles, and even up the northern shores of their native county. Unhappily two succeeding unfavourable seasons overtook them, their boats were all cast away, their crews overwhelmed in the ocean returned no more.—Where the bustle and gaiety of business had adorned every countenance with smiles, nothing was seen but sable weeds; nothing was heard but sighs and lamentations! The spirit which had animated this enterprising spot was quenched at once, and of all its former celebrity, nought remained but the apparatus in which its merchandize had been prepared for the market; the memory of what it once was, and the ecclesiastical records, which detail to future incumbents the plentifulty which their forerunners had collected from the deep.

“It ought not to be forgotten that this spirit of enterprise was not the consequence of their peculiar situation: it is said, that when no longer able to find refuge for their busy craft among their native rocks, the inhabitants of Sidmouth set on foot a liberal subscription, and with it erected the quay at Torquay, and hence their vessels, boats, and craft of every description, take shelter from the tempest there, in time of distress, without paying the customary port duties which are exacted of all others.

“At present, Sidmouth is only known as a place of resort for the valetudinary and the dissipated; and to each

of these it presents attractions peculiarly inviting. Seated on the base of the two lofty mountains which form its charming vale, and closed up on the north by the Honiton hills, it presents its bosom only to the southern ray, and to the southern zephyr, and fanned by the pure breeze of the ocean alone, must, of course, be well calculated to redress the injury which filthy cities, crowded rooms, and mephitic vapours, entail upon mankind. In this respect Sidmouth claims a decided superiority over all its competitors for public resort. Here no filthy lagoons impregnate the atmosphere with poisonous miasma; no stagnant pools here putrify in the solar ray; wherever there is water, it flows, and constantly crossing the traveller's path, tempers the sultry gale, gives fresh verdure to the luxuriant herbage which fringes its tinkling course, cherishes the thousand plants and flowers with which every hedge-row is garnished, embalms the air, and revives the fainting energies of nature. The charming diversity for which Devon is famed, seems here to be collected into one point. Does the fated mind turn from the monotony of the ocean? In the vale behind it, every thing is rich, luxuriant, and variegated, calculated to awaken the softest and most tranquillizing emotions in the bosom: the trees are here seen flourishing, even to the water's edge, with a verdure and luxuriance which is elsewhere unknown. Along the banks of the Sid, which, bursting at once from beneath a mighty rock, meanders its three-mile-course to the ocean, we meet with all that beautiful variety of scenery which Fenelon so richly describes in his *Télémaque*, meadows embroidered with flowers, fields waving with corn, orchards laden with fruit; while every turn in its fantastic windings, presents us with the delicacies of the landscape in some new point of view, adds some fresh tuft of trees, some little murmuring water-fall, some straw thatch cottage to the picture. Upon the mountain, the half-suffocated victim of fashion and midnight orgies, breathes the pure ætherial atmosphere; and while

his

his path is strewn with flowers, gazes upon nature in some of her most elegant attitudes, and catches at one glance an extent of prospect, a variety of scenery which is almost unrivaled. It has been debated to which of the adjacent summits the palm of excellence in this respect is due, but the point can alone be determined by the peculiar taste of the beholder. From the eastern high lands the vale of Sidmouth is certainly seen to the most advantage, the perspective is undoubtedly confined, but it teems with luxury. The ravished eye looks down upon a landscape stretched out like a carpet beneath it, which centres within itself as much picturesque beauty as is collected within an equal boundary in any country upon the earth. Here every thing necessary to an enchanting picture seems to be concentrated. Lands, rich and well cultivated, hedge-rows amply furnished with forest trees; mountains tipped with copse, bespotted with sheep; here glowing with the gilded blossoms of the furze, and there finely tinted with the numerous varieties of the heaths, which flourish on their slopes; the whole decorated, not with the frowning awe-commanding mansions of the great, but besprinkled with cottages, villages, and hamlets, with their white-washed spire peeping through the orchards that envelope and almost hide it from view. On the precipices which terminate either hill, the picture is uncommonly sublime and striking; from the eastern summit the eye ranges over a vast extent of country, and is only bounded at the distance of forty miles, by the rugged tors upon the forest of Dartmoor. Beneath we see the Halidown Hills, the Start Point, the Berry Head, Torbay, with its ever-shifting fleets; and in the cliffs we have "Pelion upon Ossa," and "Caucasus upon Pelion," in tremendous masses heaped upon each other. From the Peak we gaze upon the white cliffs of Albion (and here take our leave of them) the south-western coast of Dorset, the Portland Isle, which, like a bully, projects itself into the channel, and seems to hurl defiance against the opposite shores.

shores. In Sidmouth itself we have nothing which is worth noticing, if we except the church tower, which is certainly a fine piece of masonry. The modern erections are many, among the rest there is an excellent inn, a large and convenient assembly room, billiard room and reading room. On the beach a gravel walk of about one third of a mile in length, has been constructed for the accommodation of the company; the bathing is commodious, and, for the convenience of the infirm, warm salt water baths have also been erected. Here the naturalist may find an ample field of investigation. The hills abound with plants, many of which are rare. In the cliffs numerous spars of different kinds are to be collected: nor are the rocks deficient in materials for study and amusement. Beautiful specimens of the Pholen are found imbedded in the marly foundations of the hills; and blocks of free-stone, which have been broken from the summits of the cliffs, abound with *Echinæ marinæ*, petrified coral, and many other productions of a similar description. In the basins, worn by the action of the waves in the rocks, elegant corallines abound; and not unfrequently that singular production of nature the animal flower, vulgarly called the sea anemone."

From this entertaining account of Sidmouth, by my friend, you will have it in your power to form a satisfactory idea of the pleasing spot at which we were now arrived.

As I am particularly partial to the contemplation of the SEA, you will indulge me in a few reflections on my favourite subject.

The globe was originally distributed into land and water. The measure was wisely designed, and is appropriated to many important purposes. "The waters themselves," says Derham, in his *Physico-Theology*, are an admirable work of God, and of infinite use to that part of the globe already surveyed; and the prodigious variety and multitudes of curious and wonderful things observable in its inhabitants of all sorts, are an inexhaustible scene of the Creator's wisdom and power.

The vast bulk of some, and prodigious minuteness of others, together with the incomparable contrivance and structure of the bodies of all; the provisions and supplies of food afforded to such an innumerable company of eaters, and that in an element unlikely, one would think, to afford any great store of supplies; the business of respiration performed in a way so different from, but equivalent to what is in land animals; the adjustment of the organs of vision to that element in which the animal liveth; the poise, the support, the motion of the body forwards with great swiftness, and upwards and downwards with great readiness and agility, and all without feet and hands, and ten thousand things besides; all these things lay before us a glorious and inexhaustible scene of the divine power, wisdom, and goodness."

What a number of curious articles are here brought together; to what an extent of meditation might such topics be applied!

The *saltness* of the sea has often excited my notice, and to many causes has this its extraordinary quality, been ascribed by the learned. Their opinions are thus briefly stated by an ingenious writer.

"Some think that rivers, imbibing somewhat of saltiness from bodies over which they flow, or which they carry to the sea, might in time, by leaving salts in the sea, render it salt; while others maintain that the sea was formerly saltier than at present, the influx of fresh water gradually affecting the ocean, a contradictory mode of reasoning from the former, but equally void of demonstration or plausibility. A third party hints at rocks of salt, fitly disposed to be dissolved by the waters (and such we know there are) while those who think the water was originally created salt, urge much in support of that sentiment. Probably its degree of saltiness was never very different from what we now find it; for it seems that though certain kind of fishes are adapted to fresh water, yet their numbers bear little proportion to those which constantly inhabit salt-water, and

"In this place of security," says that elegant writer, "I view unaffrighted, though not unawed, the majestic ocean, spread out before me. Stupendous image of thy power, Omnipotent Creator ! nor less of thy benevolence, Universal Parent ! Was it not formed by thee to unite in bonds of mutual intercourse, thy wide extended family of mankind ; to carry through various and distant nations the respective productions and discoveries of each, to relieve or diminish their mutual wants, and

disseminate the blessings of religion and humanity unto the ends of the earth? But who can number the tribes or tell the diversity of living creatures with which thou hast replenished this mighty receptacle of waters, fitting all to enjoy their native element, and many to supply a rich and wholesome nourishment for man? May he receive it with thanksgiving as one of those benefits that, when placed within his power, were intended to employ his industry and strengthen him for thy service? Nor would I forget to acknowledge that benignant Providence which hath, in so many other ways, rendered the same element conducive to health and comfort, by furnishing stores of salt to season and preserve our food, by refreshing the adjacent coasts with salutary breezes, by invigorating the weak and restoring the diseased, that bathe in its briny waves!"

You will perceive that these observations are much the same as those suggested by Durham, only expressed in more elegant language, and sublimed by the fervor of devotion.

The other writer to whom I alluded, as having dwelt with peculiar beauty on this subject, is the late Mr. Robinson, of Cambridge, who, by a reference to the SEA, thus strikingly illustrates the character of the Deity: "Your fear of God is excessive. The cause of this *dread* is a partial knowledge of God. Recollect what I said to you sometime ago, concerning knowing only *part of a subject*. This is your case; you have attended to the *judgments* of God—to his *threatenings* against the wicked, and to that punishment which awaits them in another state; but you have not turned your attention to the *MERCY* of God expressed in his promises, and in his dispensations of goodness to others in your condition. Suppose I could take a person, one who had never seen the SEA, and carry him in an instant to the sea-side, and set him down there; and suppose the sea, at that instant, to be in a storm; the great black and dismal clouds

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clouds rolling, thunders bellowing, lightnings flashing, the winds roaring, the sea dashing, ten thousand watery mountains one against the other—the beach covered with shattered timber and cordage, merchandizes and corpses; this man would instantly conceive a dreadful idea of the sea, and would shudder and shriek, and fly for his life! It would be hard to give this man a pleasant notion of the sea, especially if he had been well informed that several of his relations and friends had perished in the tempest; yet this man would have but *half* a right notion of the sea. For could he be prevailed upon to go down to the beach a few days after—the heavens would smile, the air be serene, the water smooth, the seamen whistling and singing; here a vessel of trade sailing before the wind, there a fleet of men of war coming into harbour; yonder, pleasure boats basking in the sun, the flute making melody to the breeze; the company, even the softer sex, enjoying themselves without fear: this man would form the *other half-notion* of the SEA, and the *two put together*, would be the *just and true* idea of it.” Apply this to our subject.

You will readily join with me in admiring the appropriateness of this illustration, since you have often regretted to me that religion should ever be clothed in the sable garb of melancholy; for TRUE RELIGION is the adoration of that great and wonderful being, by whose extensive operations the felicity of the whole intelligent creation will be ultimately accomplished.

Wandering one day on the beach, early in the morning, I met with an aged fisherman, seated under the cliff of a rock, and employed (like James, the son of Zebedee, and John his brother, of old) in mending his nets. I entered into conversation with him, and learnt from him many things with which I was previously unacquainted. Among other particulars, he told me, that these coasts had, of late years, been in a measure, de-

serted by the finny tribe. For this fact no satisfactory reasons could be assigned. This spirit of emigration, by no means uncommon, at present, amongst the human species, has, it seems, seized the picatory race; nor is it yet ascertained to what shores they have betaken themselves. I gave this son of misfortune a trifle, for which he appeared extremely grateful. Indeed I pitied the poor old man, who lamented the desertion, as it had been the occasion of narrowing the means of his subsistence. On his brow was indented many a furrow, and his physiognomy assured me that he had, oftentimes, borne the "the pitiless pelting of the storm!"

Mackarel, however, are caught here in abundance. I saw a draught brought ashore one evening, and poured from the net into a large basket. I was struck with their appearance, and handled them, for their colours were beautiful beyond expression. The silvery white was shaded by purple dyes, and the quivering agonies of dissolution produced a thousand variations, marked by the most exquisite delicacy. Upon my return from this scene, I found the band belonging to the Sidmouth volunteers playing on the beach, which, combined with the murmurs of the "wide weltering waves," generated the most pleasing sensations. The company were parading backwards and forwards—the sun rapidly setting in the west, while, by the approaching shades of darkness, we were admonished that day was closing upon us, and the empire of night about to be resumed. Indeed at that instant, to adopt the language of a celebrated female author—"I contemplated all nature at rest; the rocks, even grown darker in their appearance, looked as if they partook of the general repose, and reclined more heavily on their foundations."

The chief purport of my visit to Sidmouth, was to enjoy the company of a valuable friend, who, on account of indisposition, had been obliged to quit the metropolis, and chose to retire into this sequestered

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part of the country. *Him*, and his *amiable family* I found embosomed in a vale, which, for the softness of its air and the richness of its prospect, was delightful beyond expression. Their mansion was neat and commodious; their view on the left extended towards the sea, and on the right was terminated by a rising hill, whilst the declivity of the opposite mountain, intersected by inclosures, and spotted with sheep, imparted a most picturesque scene to the eye of the beholder. Near the foot of the door ran a rivulet; which, by its pleasing murmurs soothed the ear, and by its transparency gratified the imagination. About the distance of two fields above the mansion, the sea beautifully unfolded itself to view between the hills, and vessels were constantly appearing and disappearing, not wholly unlike the objects passing through a magic lantern; though certainly the scene had no connection with the ludicrous, nor were the objects transmitted with equal rapidity. At the top of the hill was an ancient *encampment*; but whether of Roman or Danish origin cannot be ascertained with certainty. There is no doubt, however, that these coasts were frequently infested by the enemy in the earlier periods of British history. From this eminence we looked down on the other side into the little village of *Sidbury*, and its clustered cottages suggested to the mind those flattering images of felicity which we usually connect with harmless rusticity.

My principal abode was at the house of my friend. Thence we often sallied forth to survey the adjacent prospects; but the weather was by no means favourable to our excursions. One fine day, however, we ascended the opposite hill, clambering up its side with difficulty. But its summit amply recompensed the toil which we had endured. Though totally unaccustomed to the art of drawing, yet seating myself upon a hillock, I was tempted to take a rough sketch of the cottage we had left, and of the hills with which it was surrounded. The whole

whole scene before me might be likened to the representation of a *camera obscura*, where the reflected images of objects are exhibited with neatness and accuracy. In our wanderings onward, we stooped down and plucked many a ripe *whortle-berry* from amidst the prickly furze which covered the ground, and the gathering of which affords to many poor persons the means of maintenance. We at length came to the brow of the hill, and stopping at the *beacon*, we, for some time, surveyed with astonishment the divine prospect which burst upon us from every quarter of the horizon ! Nor could it be pronounced altogether unlike the eminence whither Adam was led by the archangel Michael, to shew him what lay hid in the dark womb of futurity :

————— A hill,
Of Paradise the highest, from whose top
The hemisphere of earth, in clearest ken,
Stretch'd out to th' amplest reach of prospect lay,

Before us, was stretched the wide extended ocean, where, could our vision have been sufficiently invigorated, we should have spied the islands of Guernsey, Jersey, and Alderney, together with the opposite coasts of France. On the left lay Sidmouth, whose venerable tower alone was visible to us, and beyond projected the Portland Isle, reminding me of the unfortunate Halfe-well East Indiaman, whose fate is fresh in every mind. Behind, was seen a fine extent of country, from the centre of which the smoke of Exeter ascended—thus enabling me to ascertain the spot in which the western metropolis was situated. Beneath us was a beautiful wood, whose embrowned appearance imparted peculiar solemnity ; and it seemed, indeed, fitted for our Druidical ancestors, who were enthusiastically attached to these sylvan recesses. On the right, at the extremity of our prospect, TORBAY presented itself ; and we could plainly descry the little rock by which its entrance is particularly characterised.

This

This charming group of objects, which from this eminence filled the eye and exhilarated the heart, I was unwilling to relinquish; it was the finest sight that I had ever beheld, combining the sublime and beautiful in perfection! Descending from this point, therefore, with lingering step, I stole many a farewell look, feeling, in a degree, the reproach suggested in the words of the poet—

O! how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms, which nature to her vot'ry yields!
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves and garniture of fields!
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of Even!
All that the mountain's shelt'ring bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heav'n,
O! how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiv'n?

The view of **TORBAY** naturally called up to my mind the glorious revolution of 1688; for *there* the hero **WILLIAM**, with his followers, landed November the 5th, a day ever to be revered in the annals of British history! The arrival of our illustrious deliverer chased away the shades of popery and arbitrary power, which were at that period thickening fast around the inhabitants of this highly favoured island. *James* was a brutal bigot, and had justly forfeited the love and esteem of his subjects. But this great event is fully detailed in all our histories. With its critical commencement, its pacific progress, and its happy termination, you are well acquainted. The many valuable improvements introduced at that time into the *British constitution*, rendered it the object of admiration to the surrounding nations. Indeed the emendations which it then received, cannot be sufficiently estimated; and the memory of those individuals who hazarded their lives and fortunes in that grand patriotic undertaking, stands endeared to posterity.

Hail,

Hail, sacred polity, by freedom rear'd!
 Hail, sacred freedom, when by law restrain'd!
 Without you, what were man? a groveling herd,
 In darkness, wretchedness, and want enchain'd.
 Sublim'd by you, the Greek and Roman reign'd
 In arts unrival'd: O! to latest days
 In ALBION, may your influence, unprofan'd,
 To god-like worth the gen'rous bosom raise,
 And prompt the sage's lore and fire the poet's lays!

There were several curious medals devised to perpetuate this stupendous descent. The most expressive that I have seen is the following. On one side is a bust of the Prince, with this inscription, *William III. by the grace of God, Prince of Orange, Stadtholder of Orange and West Friesland*; and, about the edges, *Nox rapit Imperium is, sed tua Recepit*—HE DOES NOT SEIZE YOUR EMPIRE BUT RECEIVES IT. On the reverse is a fleet, and the Prince on horseback, drawing up his landed troops. You have also, in the back ground, a female prostrate upon the earth, holding a sword in one hand and a pair of scales in the other, hereby shewing that justice was oppressed and trampled upon in England. A hero advancing towards her, relieves her—whilst above you read these words, *terras Astrea revisit*, —ASTREA REVISITS THE EARTH!

History informs us, that WILLIAM embarked at *Helvoetsluis*, in Holland, on the *first* of November, 1688, the trumpets sounding, the hautboys playing, the soldiers and seamen shouting; and a crowd of spectators on the shore, breathing forth their good wishes after him. The usual signal being given, the fleet, commanded by Admiral Herbert, weighed anchor with all possible diligence, being divided into *three* squadrons, on board of which were about 14,000 troops, of divers nations: the *red flag* was for the *English* and *Scottish*, commanded by Major General Mackay; the *white* for his Highness's guards and *Brandenburghers*, under the command

command of Count Solms; and the *blue* for the *Dutch* and *French*, under the Count of Nassau. On the 3d of November, being got within the North Foreland, and the wind favourable at east, they made all the sail they could, steering a channel course. The Prince, who led the van, tacked about to see the rear well come up, and, having called a council of war between Dover and Calais, he ordered that his own standard should be set up, and that the fleet should close up in a body; his Highness, with three men of war to attend him, one at some distance before the ship he was in, and one on each side of him, sailed forwards before the fleet. Next sailed the transports, victuallers, and tenders, with their decks covered with officers and soldiers; and the main body of the men of war brought up the rear, ready to receive the enemy, if, as it was expected, they had attempted to disturb their passage. On the 4th of November, being Sunday, and the auspicious birth-day of the Prince, most people were of opinion that he would land either in the Isle of Wight, Portsmouth, or somewhere in that quarter. But herein they were mistaken, for they continued sailing onwards; passing by Dartmouth, the weather grew hazy, so that they overshot TORBAY, where the Prince designed to land. The weather, however, clearing up about nine, and the wind almost miraculously changing to the W. S. W. this gave them *entrance into the BAY*, for as soon as they were got in, and when it had executed its commission, it returned again to the same quarter, it was before they wanted it. The people of Devonshire having discovered the fleet, flocked to the shore, not to oppose the Prince's landing, but to welcome their deliverer with loud acclamations!

An anecdote was told me, relative to the landing of William, by a gentleman with whom I had the pleasure of dining in the neighbourhood of Sidmouth. It is handed down in the family from his ancestors, who took an active part on this grand occasion. A Mr. John Duke,

Duke, of Otterton, a man of considerable wealth and influence in that part of the country, joined the hero, on his arrival at Torbay. Being introduced into his presence, William immediately asked him to favour him with his name; he replied, with a timid hesitation, *John—DUKE of Otterton*. The Prince expressed his surprize, and taking out a list of the nobility from his pocket, which he had been led to suppose was correct, he looked over it, and then declared that no such *Duke* was to be found there! The gentleman, however, soon obviated the difficulty, by repeating his name with an accelerated pronunciation, *John Duke—of Otterton*. Every embarrassment being thus removed, William smiled at the mistake, and embraced him with joy.

At present *TORBAY* is a famous rendezvous for our fleets, and its little village *Brixham* (where it is said the *very stone* on which *WILLIAM* first stepped ashore is still preserved) can boast of many vessels which trade in its fishery.

You will not, my good friend, censure me for this digression. Could I have contemplated, though at some distance, this famous spot, without such feelings, you might have justly accused me of a want of sensibility. An indifference to the momentous events of our own history, particularly, events in which the welfare and happiness of our fellow creatures were deeply involved, is not enjoined upon us either by the dictates of reason or by the injunctions of revelation. “To abstract the mind from all *local emotion*,” says the great Dr. Johnson, “would be impossible if it were endeavoured, and would be foolish if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses; whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me and my friends be such frigid philosophy, as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery,

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bravery, or virtue. That *man* is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plains of *Marathon*, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of *Iona*!"

After a fortnight's stay in this part of Devonshire, I with *real regret* bid my friend, and his family, an adieu; for in many respects they reminded me of the happy group delineated by Thomson, and who are said to have been blessed with,

An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
Progressive virtue and approving heaven.

My next letter will embrace *Exeter*, *Honiton*, and *Taunton*. That you may, however, be relieved from this long, and perhaps tedious narrative, I hasten, my worthy friend, to subscribe myself,

Yours, respectfully.

SHORT ACCOUNT

OF THE

MANNERS AND MANAGEMENT OF THE HOGS,

DURING THE TIME OF THEIR AUTUMNAL
RESIDENCE IN THE WOODS.

[From Gilpin's Remarks on Forest Scenery.]

THE first step the swineherd takes is, to investigate some close sheltered part of the forest, where there is a conveniency of water, and plenty of *oak* or *beech mast*; the former of which he prefers, when he can have it in abundance. He next fixes on some spreading tree, round the bole of which he wattles a light circular fence, of the dimensions he wants, and

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covering it roughly with boughs and fods, he fills it plentifully with straw or fern.

Having made this preparation, he collects his colony among the farmers ; with whom he commonly agrees for a shilling a head, and will get together a herd of FIVE OR SIX HUNDRED HOGS. Having driven them to their destined habitation, he gives them a plentiful supper of acorns or beech mast, which he had already provided, *sounding his horn during the repast*. He then turns them into the litter, where, after a long journey and a hearty meal, they sleep deliciously.

The next morning he lets them look a little around them, shows them the pool or stream, where they may occasionally drink, leaves them to pick up the offals of the last night's meal, and as the evening draws on, gives them another plentiful repast, under the neighbouring trees, which rain acorns upon them for an hour together, at the sound of his horn. He then sends them again to sleep.

The following day he is, perhaps, at the pains of procuring them another meal, with music playing as usual. He then leaves them a little more to themselves, having an eye, however, on the evening hours. But as their bellies are full, they seldom wander far from home, retiring, commonly, very orderly and early to bed.

After this, he throws his sty open, and leaves them to cater for themselves, and from henceforward has little more trouble with them during the whole time of their migration. Now and then, in calm weather, when mast falls sparingly, he calls them, perhaps, together, by the music of his horn, to a gratuitous meal; but, in general, they need little attention, returning regularly home at night, though *they often wander in the day, two or three miles from their sty*. There are experienced leaders in all herds, which have spent this roving life before, and can instruct their juniors in the method

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method of it ! By this management the herd is carried home to their respective owners in such condition, that a little dry meat will soon fatten them.

CURIOUS PARTICULARS

CHARACTERISTIC OF EACH MONTH IN THE YEAR,

*Chiefly extracted from the New Edition of Dr. Aikin's
Calendar of Nature.*

CALENDAR OF NATURE.

OCTOBER.

———— The fading many-colour'd wood,
Shade deep'ning over shade, the country round
Imbrown ; a crowded umbrage dusk and dun,
Of every hue, from wan declining green
To footy dark.

ANON.

1. **C**HIEF business of nature, at this season, with respect to the vegetable world is *diffemination*, for the seeds are now to be deposited in the fostering bosom of the earth. 2. The parent vegetable, if *herbaceous*, either totally perishes, or dies down to the root ; if a *tree* or *shrub*, casts away all its tender leaves. 3. Seeds scattered in various manners, some by the *winds*, which, therefore, most generally, to be met with, as dandelion, groundsel, rag-wort, thistles, &c. others by *hooks*, catching hold on animals passing, as common *burs* ; some thrown abroad by an elastic spring, as the touch-me-not, and cuckoo flower ; others eaten by birds and discharged, uninjured, by them, flying. 4. Gloom of the declining year enlivened by the rich and bright colours of *fading* leaves, to some more interesting than

the blossoms of spring or the radiance and verdure of summer :

Those virgin leaves, of purest vivid green,
Which charm'd ere yet they trembled on the trees,
Now cheer the sober landscape in decay ;
The lime first fading, and the golden beech,
With bark of silver hue; the moss-grown oak,
Tenacious of its leaves of russet-brown,
Th' ensanguin'd dog-wood, and a thousand tints,
Which Flora drefs'd in all her pride of bloom,
Could scarcely equal, decorate the groves.

5. Ripened berries in a great variety adorn the hedges, as the hip, the haw, the sloe, the black-berry, and the berries of the bryony, privet, honey-suckle, elder, holly, and woody night-shade. 6. These a valuable supply for birds in cold weather, and Lord Bacon says they are most plentiful when the ensuing winter is to be most severe. 7. The swallow, which builds its nest under the eaves of houses, disappears ; then the sand-martin, the smallest kind of swallow, and latest in migration. 8. The royston, or hooded-crow, bred in the north, now migrates to the southern districts, next to the raven for destruction, so that in Scotland a reward is offered for its head. 9. Woodcock begins to appear, and water-fowl arise from their arctic summer residence, to winter on the shores of Britain. 10. The amusements of rooks, in the evening, now curious ; a pleasing murmur, not unlike the cry of a pack of hounds in deep hollow woods, or the tumbling of the tide on a pebbly shore. Stares also begin to congregate in the fens, destroying the reeds. 11. Ground covered with spiders, weaving *gossamer*. 12. A remarkable shower of *gossamer* mentioned in White's Natural History. 13. Fogs thick and frequent, because the cold air condenses the vapour rising from the warm earth. 14. This month the height of the hunting season—the weather being suitable and the products of the earth housed :

All now is free as air, and the gay pack
 In the rough bristly stubbles range unblam'd;
 No widow's tears o'erflow; no secret curse
 Swells in the farmer's breast, which his pale lips,
 Trembling, conceal, by his fierce landlord aw'd:
 But courteous now, he levels ev'ry fence,
 Joins in the ceremony, and holloos loud,
 Charm'd with the rattling thunder of the field.

SOMERVILLE.

15. Bee-hives despoiled of their honey. 16. In the wine countries of Europe the vintage now takes place. 17. This month, on account of its mild temperature, chosen for brewing malt liquor, designed for long keeping, therefore called *old October*. 18. The *decoy* business begins in the marsh lands of Lincolnshire. 19. London market supplied from thence, particularly from the ten *decoys* near Wainfleet, which have been known to send to the metropolis, in a single season, 31,200 ducks, teals, and widgeons. 20. The farmer continues to sow corn, but not wheat, till the end of it; acorns sown, forest and fruit trees planted; a few flowers still cheer the eye, a second blow of some kinds, particularly the *woodbine*, but the scent of all these very faint; but the GREEN HOUSE forming a beautiful contrast with the nakedness of the fields and garden, is, at this period, in high perfection.

NARRATIVE
OF
MR. JOHNSON,
WHO WAS TAKEN PRISONER BY THE INDIANS
IN 1790.

[From the Duke de la Rochefoucault's Travels through
North America.]

MR. Johnson, inhabitant and merchant of Richmond, in Virginia, found himself under the necessity of proceeding to Kentucky; there to receive certain sums of money, due to his father, who was recently dead; and to examine some witnesses before the supreme court of the state of Virginia. Having made the same tour the preceding year, he set out accordingly from Richmond, in the beginning of the month of March 1790, and proceeded with his friend, Mr. May, a great landholder in Kentucky, and an inhabitant of Petersburg, to Kecklar's Station, in Virginia, on the banks of the Great Kanaway. They found there James Skuyl, a merchant, of Great Brayer-court-house, in Virginia, who was carrying a large quantity of merchandize to Kentucky. They jointly purchased one of the vessels, which, as they are intended merely to descend the Ohio, and are not built to remount it, have no more durability than is required for that purpose, and are, consequently, sold at a cheap rate. They are large flat-bottomed vessels, without any deck; and are sold in Limestone for the value of their timber.

Having embarked on board this vessel with their merchandize and stores, they descended the river, working the vessel themselves. During the whole passage of two hundred and ninety-five miles thence to Limestone, nothing is required but to keep the vessel in the middle of the stream, which is sufficiently rapid to carry her down, without the least assistance from rowing. At the confluence

fluence of the Kanhaway with the Ohio, at Point Pleasant, they found three other travellers, who were waiting for an opportunity to proceed on the same journey; namely, William Phlyn, of Point Pleasant, a petty tradesman, who was in the habit of travelling to Kentucky; and Dolly and Peggy Flemming, likewise of Point Pleasant, who intended to proceed to Kentucky, under the protection of Phlyn, a relation of theirs, and to settle in that place. They were, all of them, fully aware that the navigation of the Ohio is not exempt from danger; but they also knew, that instances of the Indians attacking a vessel in the midst of the stream are very rare, and that an attack on a vessel, with six persons on board, was altogether unprecedented.

They had sailed one hundred and six miles; it was five o'clock in the morning: they were near the confluence of the Sciota, and had a fair prospect of reaching Limestone the next morning, by day-break. Passing on with this expectation, they heard dreadful shrieks, proceeding from two men, who spoke English, and told them, in the most affecting tone of grief, that they had been taken prisoners by the Indians, and had made their escape, but feared to fall again into their hands. They had not eaten any thing for these four days past, and entreated, if they could not be taken on board, to be at least supplied with some provision, and thus saved from the unavoidable danger of perishing through hunger. The first and immediate sentiment of all the passengers, impelled them to succour these unfortunate persons; but a little consideration excited strong apprehensions in some of them, lest the assistance which they might afford these persons should throw themselves into the hands of the Indians.

The two unfortunate men followed the vessel along the shore, as she was carried onwards by the current. Their mournful lamentations, their screams, and expressions of agonizing anguish and despair, still increasing, William Phlyn, who derived some kind of authority

rity from his being accustomed to this passage, and in the habit of frequenting Kentucky, proposed, that he would go alone, and carry bread to the unfortunate sufferers, if his companions would land him on shore. He contended, that he should discern the Indians from afar, if they made their appearance; that, in this case, the vessel might easily regain the middle of the stream; and that he would make the journey to Limestone on foot, without falling into the hands of the Indians. It would have been extremely hard to oppose this proposal, which was seconded by the two women, and by James Skuyl. Mr. Johnson and Mr. May, therefore, yielded, rather out of weakness, than from any hearty approbation of the measure. They steered towards the shore, where the two sufferers were dragging themselves along, as if tormented by the most excruciating pains. Why is it that humanity and candour must so frequently fall victims to artifice and fraud? The two men were two traitors, suborned by the Indians to decoy the vessel to the shore. The Indians followed them, at some distance, constantly concealing themselves behind trees. The moment the vessel reached the shore, they burst forth, about twenty-five or thirty in number, raised a dreadful howl, and fired on the passengers. Two of them were killed by the first firing, and the rest, in equal astonishment and terror, endeavoured to regain the middle of the stream: but being too near the shore, and their activity and dexterity being severely checked by the proximity of the impending danger, they made but little way. The two persons killed were Mr. May and Dolly Fleming. The Indians continued to fire. James Skuyl was wounded, and two horses, which were on board, were killed. All this increased the terror of the three travellers, who were yet able to work, and impaired their exertions. The fury of the Indians increased in proportion to their hope of success. Some threw themselves into the river, and swam towards the ship; those who remained on shore, threatened

threatened to fire on the passengers, if they should make the least resistance, and kept their pieces constantly levelled at them. The swimmers brought the ship accordingly on shore; and the unfortunate Americans were obliged to land under the continued howl of the Indians, which, however, were no longer the accents of rage, but shouts of joy, on account of the seizure of their prey.

The articles found in the ship were carried to the fire, as well as the two unfortunate persons who had been shot. The latter were completely stripped of their clothes, scalped on the spot, and thrown into the river. The scalps were dried by the fire, to increase the trophies of the tribe.

The Indians were now near seventy in number, among whom were about a dozen women. Their leader assembled them around the fire, and, holding the tomahawk in his hand, addressed them in a speech, which lasted about an hour, and which he delivered with great ease and fluency of expression, with gestures, and in a tone of enthusiasm, looking frequently up to heaven, or casting down his eyes on the ground, and pointing now to the prisoners, now to the river. Almost at every phrase the Indians, who listened to him with the utmost attention, expressed their approbation and applause with accents of deep, mournful exclamation. The booty was divided among the different tribes which shared in this enterprise. The tribe of the Shawanese, being the most numerous, and that to which the leader belonged, received three prisoners, and William Phlyn fell to the share of the other tribe, the Cherokees. Every prisoner was given to the charge of an Indian, who was answerable for his person. Although thus distributed, the prisoners remained together, and neglected not to improve the liberty allowed them, conversing with each other without constraint.

The two men, who, by their lamentations, had de-
coyed them on shore, now rejoined the Indians. Their
wretched

wretched victims poured forth against them severe reproaches, though they were somewhat softened by the fear of being overheard by the Indians. They pleaded necessity, and that they had been ordered, on pain of death, to act as they did. By their accounts, they were inhabitants of Kentucky, surprised by the Indians six months before, in their own habitations; and had, already, several times, been employed in similar treachery. The stores found on board the vessel, served the Indians for their meals, in which they generously allowed the prisoners to partake. Night coming on, every one lay down to rest, under the trees. The prisoners were surrounded by the tribes to which they respectively belonged, and singly guarded by the Indian who had the charge of them. Peggy Fleming, who was never left by her guards, was, this night in particular, surrounded by women. Mr. Johnson was tied by the elbows; and the ends of the ropes were fastened to trees, which stood far asunder, so that it was altogether impossible for him to lie down. Yet this was not deemed sufficient. Another rope, fastened to a tree, was tied round his neck, and from it a rattle was suspended, which, if he had made the least motion, would have awakened the whole troop. The rest were treated nearly in the same manner. The two white spies enjoyed the most perfect liberty. Some Indians were stationed at certain distances, around the party, to observe what was passing in the surrounding country.

Early in the morning the prisoners were unbound, and suffered to enjoy the same liberty as on the preceding day. About ten o'clock the Indians, who were posted along the banks of the Ohio, reported, that a vessel was dropping down the river. The prisoners were ordered to join the other two, who yesterday beguiled their prey, and to exert their utmost efforts to decoy the passengers in the ship on shore. It is easy to conceive that the horror which they felt, on receiving these orders, was strongly combated by the fear of
instant

instant death, with which they were threatened, in case of disobedience and refusal: they were, therefore, under the necessity of joining the other two white men. Mr. Johnson, however, though compelled, for the preservation of his own life, to pretend to do like the others, firmly determined not to make himself guilty of occasioning the slavery, or probable death, of the unfortunate passengers on board, by any voluntary action on his part; and, consequently, neither to make the final gesture, nor to speak a word: and well might he spare himself this trouble. His companions exerted themselves to the utmost, to excite the compassion of the passengers on board, who, without the least hesitation, stood in towards the shore, to succour and rescue from slavery those whom they thought unfortunate captives. Scarcely had they approached within a small distance of the shore, when the Indians, who, as on the preceding day, had stolen along behind the bushes, hastened up, fired, and shot the six persons on board. Shouts of victory succeeded to the howls of barbarous rage. The vessel was hauled on shore; and two of the ill-fated passengers, who were not yet dead, were immediately dispatched with the tomahawk. The six scalps were torn off and dried, and the booty was divided, but with fewer formalities than on the preceding day. Soon after the scouts made signals, that three other vessels were in sight: the same stratagem was employed, but for this time, in vain. The families on board, which were proceeding to Kentucky, did not appear to make any attempt to deviate from their course, but, on the contrary, pursued it with redoubled activity. The Indians fired at the vessels, but from the breadth of the Ohio, which, in this place, is almost a mile, the balls took no effect: yet the passengers were panic struck. Of the three vessels, which they occupied with their cattle, they deserted two, and joined all in one; believing that they might thus proceed faster, and

and more certainly make their escape. The other two vessels they abandoned to the stream. This measure inspired the Indians with a hope of seizing them, which they would never have attempted, if the passengers, without leaving these two vessels, had steadfastly pursued their course. The Indians, who, in all their enterprises, were rather animated by a thirst for plunder, than by real courage, never venture upon an attack, without being convinced that they are superior in strength; a conviction which they do not readily admit. Inspired by their number, by the obvious panic of their enemies, and by the separation of their means of defence, they resolved on pursuing them. Having on the preceding day captured two vessels, they went on board, embarked their prisoners, and, with all possible speed, pursued the flying ship. The two vessels which had been abandoned to the stream, soon fell into their hands; but, not satisfied with their capture, they were bent upon taking the third, which they pursued with redoubled exertion, raising dreadful howls, and discharging all their pieces; but their fire proved as ineffectual as their other exertions. The fugitive vessel having gained considerably the start of them, approached a spot where the Indians feared to encounter new enemies. They were, accordingly, obliged to relinquish their design, and to content themselves with the rich booty which had already fallen into their hands. They brought every thing on shore, and, without distributing the whole, fell eagerly on some casks of whisky. They drank so largely, that all of them were soon intoxicated. Six or seven, to whom was committed the charge of guarding the booty, and who had been ordered at the beginning of these Bacchanalian revels, to drink with moderation, retained alone the use of their senses. All the rest lay buried in a profound sleep; and, among them, the leader of the party and the guards of the prisoners. Mr. Johnson's mind was too deeply affected by

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his dreadful situation to share in this disgusting banquet. Totally absorbed in the contemplation of the dangers and miseries that awaited him, and eagerly desirous of warding them off, if possible, he conceived that the profound sleep of all the Indians around him might afford the means of escape, and communicated his idea to James Skuyl, who was lying by his side. The vessels were fastened to stakes along the shore, at a small distance from them : the success of their enterprise depended merely on their stealing thither unobserved, throwing themselves into the first vessel they should find, the night being very dark, and abandon her to the stream. Success appeared as certain, if they could reach the vessels, as instant death, on the other hand, if they were apprehended.

The last words of this conversation were uttered in a voice so very low, that it was impossible to conceive they should have been understood by an Indian, who lay at a considerable distance, though he were even possessed of a knowledge of the English tongue ; yet he arose, and tied them in the same manner as the preceding night, without showing, however, the least passion, nay, without speaking a word.

Thus the pleasing hopes of the two prisoners were blasted on a sudden, and converted into renewed despair.

At break of day the surrounding troop awoke ; they were untied ; and this day, the third of their captivity, was spent in continual revels, kept up with the whisky, which had been left the preceding day. The leader, probably from an opinion that this expedition had already proved sufficiently productive, proclaimed his will on the next following day, that it should be closed ; and the different tribes, which had taken a share in it, set out on their way home. They all inhabited the neighbourhood of the lakes Ontario and Erie. The leader of the most numerous tribe was a Shawanese ; the rest

were Lower Creeks, Wyandats, Mingoes, Othenwages, Delawares, Ottawas, Chepawas, and Cherokees.

Mr. Johnson, with James Skuyl, being compelled to accompany the Shawanese on their return, often experienced much brutal treatment; Mr. Johnson was sold by them to a chief of the Mingoes; but falling in soon after with the same tribe of the Shawanese, who were the stronger party, he was violently torn from his new masters, and "re-plunged into his former anxiety and misery."

His situation appeared to him the more desperate, as a French merchant of Canada, who, being informed by the Indians that the Shawanese had a white prisoner with them, came to redeem him, but had met with a refusal from the chief, who told him, that he meant to lead him, with the other booty, in triumph through his town. The merchant promised Mr. Johnson to renew his application the next morning, but the latter had renounced all hope. The merchant actually came the next morning according to his promise, at the time of the arrival of the prisoner, and made several trifling bargains with the Indians: but all his applications concerning Johnson were in vain. An event, with which his most sanguine hopes could not have flattered him, soon took place. The Shawanese, proceeding on their journey, met an Indian with a horse loaded with whisky; part of the booty was quickly exchanged for some barrels: The next morning the remainder of the booty went the same way, and on the following day they paid the Indian for what whisky he had left, in horses, which they had brought with them from the banks of the Ohio. The Shawanese passed six days in a state of continual intoxication, and continued drinking until they had nothing left to drink. Ashamed to return to their tribe without any trophies, but one single prisoner, they determined on another expedition, in which

which Mr. Johnson was to co-operate. Yet, on mature deliberation, they found it still more adviseable to sell the prisoner, in order to be able to drink whisky, and drink it largely, previously to their taking the field again. The expression of vehemence and savageness in their faces, which was heightened by the fumes of whisky, not yet altogether evaporated, greatly increased Mr. Johnson's uneasiness during these debates. It was in vain his woe-worn mind endeavoured to find out their object, when the following morning he was called to the two chiefs, who ordered him to mount a horse and push on with them as fast as he could. He now imagined his last hour was come, but this time his fear was not of long duration. The place whither he was conducted was not above five miles distant; it was the habitation of Mr. Duchoquet, the merchant whom he had already seen. After some glasses of whisky had been drunk, the bargain was soon struck; six hundred small silver shirt-buckles, such as the common people wear, constituted the ransom, amounting to twenty-five louis d'or.

At the beginning of June, Mr. Duchoquet set out with his guest on his journey to Canada. Lake Erie was but fifty miles distant. They embarked there for Detroit, where Mr. Duchoquet resides, and arrived there on the 13th of June.

The English governor ordered Mr. Johnson to be conveyed across Lake Erie, in a king's yacht. Thence he went in another vessel to the celebrated cataract of Niagara, to conceive an adequate idea of which, is beyond the powers of human fancy. From this stupendous water-fall he proceeded in a boat along the banks of Lake Ontario, and thence on the river Oswego to Albany, New York, and Virginia, where, having been afflicted six weeks by fate, savages, and musquitoes, he rejoined his family, whom he had utterly despaired of ever seeing again; happy that so many sufferings terminated in this fortunate but unexpected event.

AN
ORATION,
DELIVERED IN A PRIVATE SOCIETY,
ON THE QUESTION;
Which imparts most Happiness to Man—
HOPE OR FRUITION?

Man never *is*, but always *to be* BLEST.

POPE.

IT has often been questioned, Whether expectation or fruition imparts the greatest pleasure to the human breast? To this question we can all speak from our own experience. None of us can have lived, even a few years in this world, without having often indulged hopes, which have sometimes been disappointed, and sometimes answered by events.

Whenever our expectations have been realized, we can judge whether the pleasure which we then received, was equal to that which we enjoyed in the prospect. Inexperienced youth may confidently affirm, that participation affords a greater pleasure than expectation; but if we refer ourselves to the decision of persons advanced in years, I fear we shall, almost always find them to be of a different opinion.

This is a question on which every one must form an opinion for himself, and on which opinions may be as various as the circumstances and dispositions of men. Some have been far more fortunate than others, and some might be happy in the same situations in which others would be wretched. Can it then be expected that all should return the same answer to the proposal of our question? For my own part, I am confidently persuaded, that enjoyment seldom answers expectation.

Some few instances may, perhaps, be adduced as exceptions. It may be said that we receive greater pleasure

pleasure from meeting with absent friends, than from the expectation of seeing them. This I shall not controvert. But how many other instances might be mentioned, in which it would be folly to deny, that the pleasure consisted chiefly in expectation? When one situation in life is exchanged for another, which it is thought will be more agreeable; how seldom is it found that the change is what we expected? The acquisition of wealth, fame, honour, or authority, will very rarely answer the expectation which they had excited. To their votaries we may safely appeal for the truth of this assertion. Were not mankind constituted so, as to desire those things, they would have little or nothing, as to the present state of existence, to stimulate them to exertion. When they have obtained their desires, still they are dissatisfied, and proceed to some other pursuits. To be continually devising new schemes of happiness, and perpetually disappointed in expectation, is the destined lot of humanity. Were we destitute of hope, how small a share of happiness would arise from enjoyment! Where is the *man* to be found, who is satisfied with what he possesses?—Who does not look forward to something from which he expects to have his happiness increased? In expectation, delight is often experienced; but when our desires are obtained, how small is the gratification! Thus we find it by experience; and are never so happy as when we are full of animating prospects. We are then active and enterprising—not easily deterred by the difficulties which are before us. When we have succeeded in our projects, we find how little we have gained. Is not this agreeable to the ordinary experience of mankind? Can it be said that men in general, receive as much pleasure from the success of their schemes, as they do from looking forward to their completion? If this question be answered in the affirmative, the answer can only be referred to his own future experience. By that test he will, perhaps, be convinced that our pleasure in this life, consists, prin-

cipally, in expectation; and he led to adopt the sentiment of Burns, the famous Scotch Poet :

“ Happy ye sons of busy life,
Who, equal to the bustling strife,
No other view regard ;
Ev’n when the wished end’s deny’d,
Yet while the busy means are ply’d,
They bring their *own* reward.”

It was wisely appointed by the Author of our Being, that all our enjoyments in the present state of existence, should be transient and unsatisfactory. Our desires do not meet with full gratification, because it was not intended that we should continue here forever. Did every thing succeed according to our wishes, and our enjoyments prove equal to our expectations, we should think a future state no part of our concern. We could not reflect without the greatest reluctance, on leaving this world for one which is unknown ; and the thought that *death is inevitable*, would be attended with pungent distress.

But now, when the mind has been convinced by experience, that all things below are frail, uncertain, and delusive ; when it is assured that a state of happiness remains, in the expectation of which it will not be disappointed, it can look forward without regret, to the period when it must take a final leave of scenes to which it has always been accustomed, and which, at last, have ceased to be desirable. The only remaining obstacle is parting with friends, whom we have valued and esteemed. But this is removed by the consideration, that they, as well as we, shall again exist in a happier state ; and that we shall never again be separated.

The insufficiency of all our acquisitions to afford complete and lasting satisfaction, is likewise considered as a forcible argument, that we are designed for a higher sphere of action and enjoyment, than that in which we at present exist. Our desires are never fully
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satisfied, nor our faculties improved to the degree of which they are capable. If death terminates our existence for ever, *man appears to have been made in vain*. Dr. Young has some beautiful lines on this subject, with which I shall conclude. Speaking of MAN, he shrewdly remarks :

" His *immortality* alone can solve
That darkest of enigmas, human hope ;
Of all the darkest, if at death we die.
HOPE, eager HOPE, th' assassin of our joy,
All present blessings treading under foot,
Is scarce a milder tyrant than despair !
With no past toils content, still planning new,
HOPE turns us o'er to death alone for ease.
Possession, why more tasteless than pursuit ?
Why is a wish far dearer than a crown ?
That wish accomplish'd, why the grave of bliss ?
Beyond our plans of empire and renown
Lies all that MAN with ardour should pursue,
And HE who made him bent him to the right.

Hoxton.

R. A.

THE SEA-BEAR.

[From a View of the Russian Empire, by William
Tooke, F. R. S.]

THE sea-bear appears in troops in the eastern ocean, principally between the Kurilly and the Aleutan islands. The largest of these animals are ninety English inches in length, and weigh eighteen or twenty pood. They resemble no land-animal more than the bear, excepting only the feet, and the hinder part of the body, which terminates in a grotesque figure. What is more singular in the structure of these animals is their finny feet, having not only joints and toes, by which they are enabled to go on shore, to sit on their breech like

like the dog, and to use their paws in various ways, but likewise, by means of the web between their toes, to swim with equal ease. The manners of these animals are so peculiar and extraordinary, that the account of them would be deemed a fiction, were it not accredited by the testimony of a sagacious and learned observer. The affection of the mother for her young is exceedingly great; and they, in return, endeavour to divert her by various kinds of frolicsome play. On seeing these gambols, it seems as if they were exercising feats of wrestling; one striving to give the other a fall; and if the father comes up growling, he drives the wrestlers asunder, coaxes the conqueror, and even tries himself to throw him to the ground: the greater the resistance shown by the latter, the more he gains the love of the parents, to whom, on the other hand, their slothful or timid children appear to give but little joy. Though polygamy prevails among the sea-bears, and some of them have as many as fifty wives, yet every one watches over his offspring with uncommon jealousy, and is excessively furious if a stranger come too near to them. Even when they lie by thousands on the beach, they are always divided family-wise into companies, and in like manner they swim together in the ocean. The aged, who no longer have any wives, live solitary, and are, of all, the most grim: these frequently pass a whole month on the shore in sleep, without taking any food; but whatever approaches them, whether man or beast, they fall upon with the most outrageous fury. The sea-bears, at times, wage bloody wars together, the usual ground of hostility being either the females or a good couching place. When two are contending against one, others come up to assist the weaker party, and during the combat, the swimming spectators raise their heads above the water, and calmly look on for a length of time, till they also find a motive for mingling in the fight. Sometimes these conflicting armies cover a tract on the shore of two or three versts, and all the air re-

sounds

sounds with their dreadful yells and growlings. It often happens that the combatants make an armistice for an hour, to recreate their forces, during which they lie beside one another without any danger; then both parties suddenly rise up, each takes its place, and the battle begins anew with redoubled fury. This goes so far, that they pursue one another into the sea, when those of the victorious party drag their enemies back to land, and put them to the torture of their bites so long till at length they lie faint and exhausted, and finally perish by the talons and beaks of the ravenous birds of prey that are hovering round. The authority with which the husbands rule over their wives and children, is frequently displayed in a very tyrannical manner. When the wives, on being attacked by the hunters, abandon their cubs from affright, and these are carried off, the husbands immediately cease from pursuing the common foe, and turn upon the mother, as if to demand an account of what is become of them; then seizing them with their teeth, dash them with violence against the rocks. The wives, stunned with the blows, creep and crouch at the feet of their despots, and, caressing them, shed abundance of tears. While the husband continues to feel his vexation, he goes growling to and fro, and rolling his eye-balls, just as the land-bears are wont to do; but when his rage is abated, he then begins also bitterly to weep for the loss of his young.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE.

OCTOBER 3. **A** New musical entertainment, entitled the *Embarkation*, was introduced this evening, the characters of which stand thus:

Captain Beverley	Mr. Holland
Midshipman	Mr. Dignum
Mushroom	Mr. Surmount
Hokenfoken	Mr. Wewitzer
Sawny	Mr. Sparkes
First Dutchman	Mr. Cory
First Soldier	Mr. Trueman
O'Splash	Mr. Palmer
Ramrod	Mr. Suett
Jack Juniper	Mr. Bannister
Eliza	Miss De Camp
Mary	Mrs. Bland
Child	Master Tokeley.

MR. FRANKLYN, the author, has laid the scene of this piece occasionally in England and Holland, of the coasts of which there are some pretty picturesque views. The embarrassment of *Mushroom*, a coxcomb, whose cur-ricule is put in requisition on his road to Margate—the sailing of the troops—the attack on the Helder—the release from prison of *Eliza*, the wife of *Captain Beverley*, and the final victory of the English, form the out-
lines

lines of the story, which is embellished with the humour of *Jack Juniper*, a drunken sailor; *O'Splash*, a blundering Irish Serjeant, and *Hokenfoken*, a phlegmatic Dutchman.

The entertainment contains much life and bustle, nor is it without humour; the music also, by Mr. REEVE, has much to recommend it. All the songs were appropriate, and one very delicate air by MRS. BLAND, was loudly encored.

By the lower part of the house this new production was well received; but the galleries were clamorous upon its being announced for second representation.

Since we committed the above sketch to writing—the expedition to Holland, has, in a measure, failed. This circumstance, therefore, must prove a considerable impediment to the popularity of the *Embarkation*. Indeed we should not wonder even, if it were withheld from further exhibition. To such an issue are all temporary pieces unavoidably exposed!

COVENT GARDEN.

OCTOBER 7. A new musical entertainment, by Mr. DIBDIN, called the *Naval Pillar*, was produced here this evening; and very favourably received. The intended pillar to be raised, by national gratitude, on which are to be inscribed the achievements of our naval heroes, gave rise to this piece. The plot contains very few incidents; but they are contrived to introduce certain songs of an humorous cast and laughable tendency. Of these the most whimsical and eccentric, is one by Mr. FAWCETT, reciting the adventures of SIR SYDNEY SMITH, and another by Mr. MUNDEN, in the character of a *Quaker*, being a bundle of proverbs, adapted to the present political state of Europe.

The

The first scenes of this entertainment exhibit a meeting of the sailors and their sweethearts; then succeeds a large club of sailors, in which the *Naval Pillar* forms a subject for wit, songs, and conversation. JOHNSTONE and INCLEDON are the principal agents in this business. A plain pillar is at the last introduced, with the names of the most celebrated admirals on a scroll, round which the sailors and their sweethearts dance with peculiar festivity.

The *Pillar* now flies open, and displays a most magnificent and appropriate spectacle—consisting of *Britannia*, personated by MRS. CHAPMAN, under a rich canopy, with the figures of a sailor and a soldier for supporters, pointing to the letters G. R. over a brilliant sun, which turns on the centre; shrouded in clouds above, and surrounded by angels, is a medallion of LORD HOWE, and on columns on each side of the canopy, are medallions of our great living naval commanders.

From this sketch it appears, that the NAVAL PILLAR is one of those passing effusions of the day, which derives its chief merit from the magnitude of events, in which all our feelings are concerned. The capture of Alkmaar was also pressed into the service with the happiest effect. The house was very full, and resounded with applauses.

THE

PARNASSIAN GARLAND,

FOR OCTOBER, 1799.

TO CHARITY.

BENIGNANT deity ! whose sparkling eyes
With radiant lustre beaming, kindle joy
In ev'ry countenance whereon they glance ;
Why scarcely shewest thou thyself amongst
Earth's habitants ? Why is it that their hands
Deal out so sparingly thy noble boons,
Yet copiously lavish wealth, and time
And future happiness, on pleasures, vain,
Fallacious, fraught with woe ? Alas ! for why
Do public spectacles and crowded feasts,
Intoxication, riot, revelry,
The gaming table and destructive turf,
Engage near sole pursuit, while thou, dear maid,
And thy exalted works, neglected lie ?
Is it because the man of gen'rous mould,
In practical benevolence employ'd,
Experiences no delight, nor feels
Those sweet sensations which can sooth the ills
Inimical to mortal's perfect peace ?
Or is it rather that the hours we spend
In thoughtless follies and the giddy track
Of dissipation, are from trouble free,
Devoid of pain, and care, and that *his* mind,
Who 'lifts himself the votary of vice,
Is ne'er o'er-shadow'd with anxiety ?
Ah me ! the generality of men

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Q

Appear to act from reas'ning thus absurd,
 And thus entirely false ; they seem led on
 By sensuality, extravagance,
 And taste for gaiety, to shun thy paths,
 Celestial charity ! as though vice crown'd
 Her followers with never-fading bliss,
 And virtue with remorse. How blind are they !
 How little notice take they of the sure
 Eventual certain consequence of good
 And evil ; they have never scrutiniz'd
 The character of *him* who venerates
 Thee, goddess, and thy laws ! nor mark'd th' effect
 On his deportment, of thy influence ;
 The bosom which thy precepts govern, heaves
 With ev'ry noble feeling that can grace
 Man's nature ; they not only teach our hearts
 To pity indigent distress, and hands
 To 'minister relief, but eke command
 Expressly ev'ry nerve to be out-stretch'd
 In soft'ning woe from other causes springing.
 The charitable man, if sorrows pierce
 His neighbour's breast, will haste to pour the balm
 Of tender friendship on his wounds, and ease
 Their agony ; he mingles tears with his,
 And joins his grief, and, when fit season, points
 Th' afflicted eye beyond the grave, where grief
 Shall wet the cheek no more !—Yet not alone
 His friends and neighbours his affection share,
 Far wider than th' horizon round his view
 His kindness reaches, and in one embrace
 He holds all nations, ev'ry class of men ;
 Nor colour, tongue, nor clime, in his good-will
 Distinction mark, but each, by one God made,
 He owns his fellow creature, loves as such,
 Rejoices in his happiness, bewails
 His misery ; and when that thirsty foe
 Of earthly comfort, scourging war, destroys
 The human race by multitudes a day ;
 He shudders at the tale, and thinks he hears
 The murd'rous cannons roar, the vanquish'd cry,
 The wounded shriek, the dying feebly groan,

And

And gasp for breath, and mentally beholds
 "The mangled bodies of the wretched slain,
 "Strew in vast heaps the defoliated plain!"
 He weeps that man so oft the victim falls
 To fellow-man's ambition, and deplores
 The madness of those princes who to whim,
 To rage for conquest, or to passions pleas'd
 With blood and slaughter, can, without regret,
 Whole thousands of their subjects sacrifice;
 Their subjects, whom as chiefs they should protect;
 Their subjects, whom as fathers, they should love.
 Nor less he weeps, oh Charity! nor less
 Ambition execrates, when wand'ring thought
 Presents wrong'd Afric's picture to his mind;
 On the long catalogue of injuries
 Most infamous, which her devoted sons
 Are daily suff'ring from the barb'rous hand
 Of European wanton cruelty,
 His heated fancy dwells; before his eyes
 It paints the mis'ries of the fable race,
 And shews him those enslav'd unfortunates
 Writhing in all the agoniz'd excess
 Of intellectual and corporeal pain,
 Laden with such calamities, o'erwhelm'd
 With such accumulated wretchedness,
 As makes him tremble when he owns himself
 Of form and being like their vile tormentors:
 "Oh God!" exclaims he, heart-shock'd, "can thy
 "work,

"Thy greatest work, the wond'rous soul of man,
 "Which from thy hands creative, perfect came,
 "Be now so thoroughly deprav'd, so lost
 "In very wickedness; oh God! root out
 "This soul degrading inhumanity,
 "Infernal brutalizing vice, and plant
 "Compassion, mercy, pity, in its stead!"

Thus prays he, and th' Almighty on his head
 Permits, in show'rs of blessings, to descend,
 The grand reward of his philanthropy,
 A frame of disposition so serene,
 So calm and temperate, a mind possess'd

Of such collected dauntless dignity,
 Unshaken firmness, self-dependant strength,
 That whether moving in the tranquil scenes
 Of prosp'rous ease, or forc'd the rugged steep
 Of fate adverse to climb, still, nor seduc'd
 By fortune's smiles, nor bending 'neath her frowns,
 He proves that his all-comprehensive eye
 Sees heaven's justice ev'rywhere preside !
 Does glitt'ring affluence his steps attend ?
 He deems himself the favour'd instrument
 Of Providence, ordain'd to magnify
 His brethren's happiness, and executes
 Most faithfully the gratifying task.
 Does poverty attempt to cloud his brow ?
 The ghastly tribe of evils in her train
 In vain oppress him ; stedfast he, unhurt,
 Unvanquish'd, unaffected, undismay'd.
 What though affliction in her direst form
 Terrifical, assail him with the force
 Of anger'd ocean's wrath, he braves her rage
 Immoveable as rock-built Eddystone ;
 His unimpression'd front, like Albion's cliff,
 Made whiter and more brilliant by the storm !
 Let sickness havock, dart-arm'd death approach,
 Amidst the mourning of his friends, his face
 With cheerful resignation servid glows ;
 Depress'd by no forebodings, unalarm'd,
 His heaven-destin'd spirit eager bursts
 Its cumbrous ligature of flesh, borne on
 The universal praises of mankind
 Ascends in glory, and with joy receiv'd
 By throngs angelic, near the throne of God
 In blissful empyrean takes its place !

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ON HEARING THE CRIES OF A CALF SHUT UP IN
A SLAUGHTER-HOUSE *.

POOR hapless victim of oppressive power !

In vain you raise the agonizing cry,
In vain for gentle mercy you implore,
Alas ! in vain, no helping hand is nigh.

For thee, no friendly hand will bring relief,
In pangs extreme thou must resign thy breath;
Protracted torments must increase thy grief,
And add new horrors to th' approach of death.

How chang'd is now the scene, since, when o'erjoy'd
Thou cheerful hail'dst the morn's sweet orient beam,
When thy fond mother homeward to thee hied,
Full laden with the rich nutritious stream.

But now, alas ! from her fond side thou'rt torn,
And here within this doleful prison penn'd,
Condemn'd in ling'ring agonies to mourn,
In fruitless cries thy feeble breath to spend.

Fell luxury ! such the miseries of thy reign,
Such the dire carnage of thy horrid sway,
Thy savage arts spread slaughter o'er the plain,
And cruelty and bloodshed mark thy way.

Oh ! shame, disgrace to Britain's favor'd isle,
That in her courts such luxury should reign,
How dare we hope that heav'n on us should smile,
While thus with cruelty our hands we stain !

Maidstone.

ANNETTA.

* The barbarities practised in killing these poor animals by repeated bleedings, reflect disgrace on the promoters of such enormities, and cannot fail of exciting horror in every mind not totally lost to all sentiments of humanity and benevolence.

RETIREMENT.

OH hide me from the city's tiresome strife,
 In some secluded peace-bestowing vale;
 Well may he hate this span of mortal life,
 Who feels like me how very false and frail
 Are all our hopes of human happiness;
 The gala and the theatre, how stale!
 The song convivial—impotent to bless,
 Nor wit refin'd, nor laugh-provoking tale,
 Nor all the gouds of luxury and dress,
 Can charm his heart whose peace of mind is fled.
 What then can silent solitude avail,
 The wood, the mountain, and the classic shade?
 Is heav'n-born hope, content, or Delia there?
 Ah, no!—they can but echo my despair.

ORLANDO.

TO

A FRIEND,

ON HIS EXCESSIVE GRIEF FOR THE LOSS OF
 AN AFFECTIONATE WIFE.

WHY from thine eyes do pearly tears distil?
 Why droops thy soul with sorrow's painful
 load,

For one who rests secure from human ill,
 Whom death hath summon'd to his still abode?

True—she was all that bounteous heav'n could give,

True—she deserves those heavings of thy breast;

A chaster being did not, could not live,

A dearer consort no one e'er possess.

But what can all thy tender grief avail?

Can it recal her long-departed breath?

Restore the roses to her features pale?

Or rouse her from the awful trance of death?

In yon empyreal realms her gentle soul
 Dwells amidst myriads of cherubic choirs,
 Where years of bliss for endless ages roll,
 "And hymning seraphs sound their golden lyres."
 Then bid those sorrows from thy breast depart,
 They serve but to impair thy mortal frame—
 Serve but to break the most ingenuous heart,
 That ever glow'd with love's pure vestal flame.

Lynn, May, 1799.

W. CASE, JUN.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

WHEN friendship's sacred sympathies inspire,
 Who can resist the muses kindling fire?
 Friendship! thou dearest blessing heav'n bestows,
 Balm of all care and softner of our woes;
 I at thy shrine my willing tribute pay,
 And to thine honour consecrate my lay;
 Thy form is lovely and thy fruit divine,
 For love, and peace, and joy, and truth are thine;
 And kindred souls, who feel this gen'rous flame,
 Enjoy a fund of bliss that wants a name:
 Ye sons of wine! who o'er your cups pretend
 Eternal service to your jovial friend,
 When the warm fumes forsake your reeking brains,
 Say, of your boasted friendship what remains?
 How oft, alas! what bitter hate succeeds,
 What broken vows, and what atrocious deeds!
 How oft in smoke your vain professions end,
 And the smooth flatterer supplants the friend:
 Ye sons of int'rest! whose benighted souls
 Are cold and dark as winter at the poles;
 Say, when your fav'rite point is once obtain'd,
 Your purse replenish'd and your neighbour's drain'd;
 When pinching poverty distracts the breast,
 Will then your friendship firmly stand the test?
 Will friendship *then* the needful aid supply,
 And wipe the bursting tear from sorrow's eye?

Friendship's a pure, a heav'n-descended flame,
 Worthy the happy regions whence it came;
 The sacred tie that virtuous spirits binds,
 The golden chain that links immortal minds!
 Not the obsequious fop, whose words beguile,
 Who lives or dies, as you or frown or smile,
 Can feel the joys true amity imparts
 To gentle bosoms and to honest hearts;
 To vice and shame, the charmer's all unknown,
 He LIVES and REIGNS in *virtuous hearts* alone!

Suffex.

L. H.

EPITAPH ON A LINNET,

PRESSED TO DEATH WHILE CUTTING ITS TALONS.

BENEATH this rude unsculptur'd stone,
 A hapless warbler rests his head;
 Reader, repress the struggling groan,
 Nor sigh to leave him with the dead.

Born to enjoy as well as thee,
 And guiltless as th' unspotted breast;
 His days were peace and gaiety,
 And ev'ry closing night was rest.

Perch'd on the dew-bespangled spray,
 His varied note the woodland cheer'd;
 From morn to eve his jocund lay
 Around the peasant's cot was heard.

But ah! in vain he rais'd his song,
 With callous heart and jaundic'd eye
 A tyrant plann'd the mighty wrong,
 And robb'd him of his liberty.

Snatch'd from that dear delightful state,
 Where pleasure smil'd the live-long day;
 Torn from his fond, his faithful mate,
 And borne to unknown scenes away.

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No tender partner shar'd his woes,
Nor cheer'd his bondage with a smile;
Day after day successive rose,
But nought his anguish to beguile.

Within a gilded cage immur'd,
The blaze of splendour woo'd his sense;
But his indignant mind abjur'd
The poor, the paltry recompense.

The sense of joy no more to know,
His much lov'd haunts no more to see:
His trembling twitter thrill'd with woe,
His outrag'd heart with agony.

Yet think not, whoso'er thou art,
That pity beam'd on ne'er a breast;
One beauteous maid, with feeling heart,
His daily wants each day redress'd.

Oh! had she less, sweet trembler, fear'd
The *fruit of bondage** to relieve,
Then had this dirge been yet unheard,
And she her loss had fail'd to grieve.

By danger rous'd, yet half afraid
Her softer lily hand to trust,
She sought another's bolder aid!—
That aid consign'd him to the dust.

With rude and inexperience'd grasp,
The tuneful warbler as it press'd,
Instant a short and breathless grasp,
The agony of death confess'd.

Now soaring far away—the mind
No more its wonted anguish knows,
And here the dust to dust resign'd,
In slumbers sweet forgets its woes.

* In the state of nature the talons of the feathered tribe are worn down by constantly treading upon the earth. The increased length which they acquire in the cage, and which it is frequently necessary to shorten, to prevent the bird's being hung up by the heels, is the effect of the unnatural state in which they are placed.

And can'st thou, reader, then bewail
 The broken bond, the captive free?
 And can'st thou cease the hour to hail,
 Which gave him back his liberty?
 And thou, sweet maid, whose rending sigh
 The anguish of thy soul bespeaks;
 Learn hence to wipe thy weeping eye,
 And sooth thy bosom ere it breaks.

W. H.

ON HONOUR.

HONOUR's fought by human kind,
 And reigns triumphant in the mind;
 But, ah! how many lose the prize
 Because *true honour* they despise;
 They seek for honour, deep imbru'd
 In widow's tears or human blood,
 Forget that *warlike honour* must
 "Eat-in their bloody sword like rust:"
 Such honour ne'er shall gain applause
 By God's divine and righteous laws;
 Where VIRTUE, that celestial maid,
 To honour lends her cheerful aid,
 There BRIGHTEST honour may be gain'd,
 And LASTING GLORY be obtain'd.

Washington,
 Sussex.

J. JEFFERY.

TO THE WILD BROOK.

UNHEEDED emblem of the mind!
 When weeping twilight's shadows close,
 I wander where thy mazes wind,
 And watch thy current as it flows:—
 Now dimpling, silent, calm, and even;
 Now brawling as in anger driven—
 Now ruff'd, foaming, madly wild,
 Like the vex'd sense of sorrow's *hopeless child!*

August

Beside thy surface now I see,
 Reflected in thy placid breast,
 Flush'd summer's painted progeny—
 In smiles and sweets redundant drest;
 They flaunt their forms of varying dye,
 To greet thee, as thou passest by—
 And bending o'er thy ample wave,
 And in its lucid lapse their bosoms lave.

While on thy tranquil breast appears
 No freezing gale, no passing storm,
 The sun-beam's vivid lustre cheers,
 And *seems* thy silv'ry bed to warm:
 The *thronging* birds, with am'rous play,
 Sweep with their wings thy glitt'ring way;
 And o'er thy banks fond zephyr blows,
 To drest with sweets the smallest flow'r that grows.

But when destroying blasts arise,
 And clouds o'ershade thy with'ring bounds,
 When swift the eddying foliage flies,
 And loud the ruthless torrent sounds;—
 Thy dimpling charms are seen no more,
 Thy minstrel's caroll'd praise is o'er—
 While not a flowret, funny-drest,
 Courts the chill'd current of thy *alter'd breast*.

Such is the HUMAN MIND! serene
 When FORTUNE's glowing hour appears!
 And lovely, as thy margin green,
 Are buds of HOPE—which FANCY rears:
 Then ADULATION, like the flow'r,
 Bends, as it greets us on our way;
 But, in the dark and stormy hour,
 Leaves us, unmark'd, to trace our TROUBLED WAY!

August 3d, 1799.

LAURA MARIA.

LINES

*Addressed by a Gentleman to his Sister, on her Return
Home from paying him a Visit.*

SINCE Harriot, dearest friends must part,
Permit your brother's tender heart
To wish a safe return;
May fortune blow with fav'ring gales,
And fill with joy your swelling sails,
And never, never give the smallest cause to mourn.
Till you this visit may renew,
May health be ever in your view,
And on your steps attend;
May she protect your future years,
From dire disease and loathsome fears,
And prove your ever-constant, ever-genial friend.
May your sweet child the care repay,
By ever keeping virtue's way,
What you for him endure;
And should your family encrease,
May their best efforts never cease
Your wants and griefs to lessen, and your joy t'ensure.
In fine, may health be yours indeed,
From ills and sorrows ever freed,
Till life itself shall end;
To hear of your prosperity,
Will greatly heighten every joy,
Of him who styles himself your brother and your
friend.

*Hackney,
March 18th, 1799.*

J. F.

Literary Review.

Travels in Upper and Lower Egypt, undertaken by Order of the old Government of France, by C. S. Sonnini, Engineer in the French Navy, and Member of several Scientific and Literary Societies—Illustrated with Forty Engravings, consisting of Portraits, Views, Plans, a Geographical Chart, Antiquities, Plants, Animals, &c. drawn on the Spot, under the Author's Inspection. Translated from the French by Henry Hunter, D. D. In Three Volumes. 1l. 7s. Stockdale.

IN all ages of the world EGYPT has been a country distinguished for its celebrity; and the recent Expedition of Buonaparte has awakened our curiosity afresh respecting it. We long to become acquainted with a region of the earth where the greatest of French generals has unfurled his standard, and opposite to the shores of which the greatest of British admirals has obtained a most unparalleled victory.

This work, though tinged with no small portion of Gallic vanity, yet conveys some very interesting information. It leads us into a particular knowledge of the customs and manners of the Egyptians, who are, certainly, a very singular people. Works of this kind are best estimated by extracts—sentiments and style speak for themselves.

The famous city of ALEXANDRIA is thus described: it has been the scene of many a revolution both in ancient and modern times.

"The new city, or rather the town of Alexandria, is built, the greatest part of it at least, on the brink of the sea. Its houses, like all those of the Levant, have flat terrace roofs: they have no windows, and the apertures which supply their place are almost entirely obstructed by a wooden lattice projecting, of various form, and so close, that the light can hardly force a passage. In those countries, more than any where else, such inventions, which transform a mansion into a prison, are real *jalousies* (jealousies, window-blinds). It is through this grate of iron or wood, sometimes of elegant construction, that beauty is permitted to see what is passing without, but eternally deprived of the privilege of being seen; it is in this state of hopeless seclusion that, far from receiving the homage which nature demands to be paid to it by every being possessed of sensibility, it meets only contempt and outrage; it is there, in a word, that one part of the human race, abusing the odious right of the more powerful, retains in degrading servitude the other part, whose charms alone ought to have had the power to soften both the ruggedness of the soil and the ferocity of their tyrants.

"Narrow and awkwardly disposed streets, are without pavement as without police; no public edifice, no private building arrest the eye of the traveller, and, on the supposition that the fragment of the old city had not attracted his attention, he would find no object in the present one that could supply matter for a moment's thought. Turks, Arabians, Barbarefques, Cophts, Christians of Syria, Jews, constituted a population which may be estimated at five thousand, as far as an estimation can be made in a country where there is no register kept of any thing. Commerce attracts thither besides, from all the countries of the east, strangers whose residence is extremely transient. This motley assemblage of the men of different nations, jealous of, and almost always hostile to each other, would present to the eye of the observer a singular mixture of customs, manners and dress, if a resort of thieves and robbers could repay the trouble of observation.

"You see them crowd on each other in the streets, running rather than walking; they likewise bawl rather than speak. I have frequently stopped to consider some persons who had all the appearance of being agitated by violent rage: they gave to their voice all the intensity which a broad and brawny chest could

could supply; their physiognomy wore all the traits of passion; their eyes sparkled; violent gestures accompanied modes of expression which seemed more violent. I approached them under the apprehension that they were going instantly to cut each others throats, and was astonished to learn that they were only driving some petty bargain, that not a word was of a threatening complexion: that their exterior alone was in motion; that, in a word, all this vehemence was only their usual mode of buying and selling.

“This custom of giving to the voice the most powerful inflection of which it is capable, in speaking, is common to almost all the eastern nations, the Turks excepted, whose habits and deportment are more grave and composed. There is no person amongst us but who must have remarked that the Jews, that nation which has contrived to preserve its own character and usages, in the midst of other nations among whom they have been dispersed, likewise speak extremely loud, particularly to one another. If you except a few individuals of them, whose constraint, in an affected imitation of our manners, sufficiently evinces that they are not natural to them, you see them likewise, when they march through our streets, with the body stooping forward, and without bending the knee, taking short but brisk and hurried steps, which come nearer to running than the usual process of walking. They are found in Egypt, where they live in a state of abjection still greater than elsewhere, such as we know them to be, avaricious, dexterous, insinuating, and low cheaters. Their depredations are not like those of the Bedouins and the other thieves of Egypt, neither committed with manly intrepidity, nor with open violence: they are, as in Europe, ingenious sharpening tricks, officious over-reachings which fill their own purse, and, without making a noise, empty that of their neighbour. Such are the Jews wherever I have met with them; in all places their indelible vices of character appear, so long as they persist in keeping within the line which they have drawn between themselves and other nations; it is likewise observable, that in all places they practise the same methods, the same craft, the same knavery, the real plagues of social order; in a word, that same insensibility, that same ingratitude, with which they have recently repaid the generosity and magnanimity of the French nation.

"Some Jewesses of Alexandria had, during my residence there, opened their houses for the reception of Europeans; they were deficient neither in beauty nor wit: their society was by no means without its allurements, and if there was ground to accuse them of rather an immoderate appetite for filthy lucre, the distinctive characteristic of the male part of their nation, their imposition was at least more palatable, their deceptions less provoking, and it was no difficult matter to forgive them.

"It is abundantly obvious of what excesses men are capable, who, in the most ordinary transactions, display the symptoms of fury. When their soul is elevated, when it partakes of the impetuous movements of the body, they disdain all restraint. Like an overbearing torrent, which strikes terror at once by its noise, and by the ravages which it commits, they abandon themselves to all the vehemence of passion; then it is they really approximate to the savage animals which come to dispute with them the possession of the sands which they are equally eager and intelligent to stain with blood. Hence the insurrections, the tumultuous riots by which Europeans have often suffered so severely. It is worthy of being remarked, that this irritable character, this proneness to sedition, likewise was, though with less rage, that of the ancient inhabitants of Alexandria.

"If there be altars dedicated to the demon of revenge, in Egypt undoubtedly are the temples which contain them: there she is the goddess, or rather the tyrant of the human heart. Not only the generality of the men, whose combination constituted the mass of the inhabitants, never forgive, but, however signal the reparation made, they never rest satisfied till they have themselves dipped their hands in the blood of the person whom they have declared to be their enemy. Though they smother resentment long, and dissemble till they find a favourable opportunity to glut it, the effects are not the less terrible: they are not for that more conformable to the principles of reason. If a European, or, to use their term, a *Franc*, has provoked their animosity, they let it fall without discrimination on the head of a European, without troubling themselves to enquire whether the party were the relation, the friend, or even the compatriot of the person from whom they received the offence: thus they purge their resentment of the only

only pretext which could plead its excuse, and their vengeance is downright atrocity.

"Alexandria was still ringing, at the time of my arrival at that city, with the noise of an assassination committed, a few years before, on the person of the representative of the French nation, in that port. A French hair-dresser was taking the diversion of shooting in the environs of the town; an Arab picked a quarrel with him, which unfortunately terminated in his discharging his piece at the Arab, and killing him. This murder was presently noised abroad. The people took fire, and, in their transport, resolved to sacrifice every European they could lay hold of. Their fury was with no little difficulty appeased, by delivering up the murderer to them, whom they hanged in the public square; but an Arab, the brother of him who was killed, though a witness of the execution, did not think himself sufficiently revenged; he bound himself by an oath to sacrifice the first *Franc* he should meet to the manes of his brother.

"All Europeans confined themselves to their homes for three whole months, in hope that the wrath of this man would subside. At the expiration of that period, and on information sufficient to set their minds at rest, they believed it safe to go abroad. For eight days they appeared as usual, in the city and in the country, and no one had been in the least molested. The consul had not hitherto dared to shew himself: at length he thought that he too might take the air, without running any risk. He went to walk with a janissary of his guard on the bank of the canal. Unfortunately for him, the Arab who, with the sentiment of revenge carefully treasured up in his heart, went constantly armed with a determination to gratify it, happened to be in the same quarter. He approached the Frenchman, who was under no manner of apprehension, and dastardly as cruel, brought him down to the ground by a gunshot fired through his back. The janissary, instead of taking vengeance on the assassin, or at least of assisting the man whom it was his duty to protect, fled off as fast as his heels could carry him, and the unfortunate consul died of the wound a few hours after. The French merchants dispatched a fast sailing boat to Constantinople, to demand justice. The Ottoman Porte sent officers with strict and severe orders on the subject; but these orders, at first evaded, remained finally unexecuted.

The villain did not so much as quit the city, but shewed himself openly with impunity. The merchants were under the necessity of concealing their resentments for the sake of their own safety; and, beside the affront offered to the French nation by the unpunished assassination of her delegate, the national commerce had to regret the expenditure of considerable sums, fruitlessly laid out in demanding a just reparation.

"Events of this kind, unhappily, were not sufficiently rare to ensure the tranquillity of those who were obliged to live in Egypt, and in some parts of Syria, where the people, beside their vicinity, have a considerable resemblance to those of Egypt. Toward the end of October, 1731, the Dutch *drogman* or interpreter at Aleppo, was walking for amusement with his consul. The peasants of a village adjacent thought proper to accuse him of having occasioned the death of a young man who had drowned himself, and whose body they were dragging out of the water. An accusation so absurd was supported by the whole village. The cry for vengeance was universal. They sent a deputation to the Pacha of Aleppo, demanding that the Dutchman might be given up to them. The governor refused. The villagers stirred up the populace of Aleppo. A formidable mob threatened to set fire to the city, and to massacre all the *Franks*, unless the *drogman*, who had fled for refuge to the Pacha's palace, was delivered up to them. That officer, though perfectly convinced of the Dutchman's innocence, was obliged, in order to prevent the most dreadful outrages, to order the ill-fated European to be strangled, and his body to be given to the mutineers, who hanged it up on a tree.

"A wide extent of sand and dust, an accumulation of rubbish, was an abode worthy of the colony of Alexandria, and every day they were labouring hard to increase the horror of it. Columns subverted and scattered about; a few others still upright, but isolated; mutilated statues, capitals, entablatures, fragments of every species overspread the ground with which it is surrounded. It is impossible to advance a step, without kicking, if I may use the expression, against some of those wrecks. It is the hideous theatre of destruction the most horrible. The soul is saddened, on contemplating those remains of grandeur and magnificence, and is roused into indignation against the barbarians who dared to apply a sacrilegious hand

to monuments which time, the most pitiless of devourers, would have respected.

Pompey's column is thus particularly noticed with peculiar vanity; it is indeed a wonderful superstructure, and it appears to have been the head-quarters whence BUONAPARTE issued orders for the capture of Alexandria!

"As you go out of the enclosure of the Arabs, by the gate of the south, the eye is struck with one of the most astonishing monuments which antiquity has transmitted to us. Proud of not having sunk under the wastes of time, nor under the more prompt and terrible attacks of superstitious ignorance, rears its majestic head, the grandest column that ever existed. It is of the most beautiful and the hardest granite, and is composed of three pieces, out of which have been cut the capital, the shaft and the pedestal. I had not the means of measuring its height, and travellers who have gone before me are not perfectly agreed on this point. Savary assigns to it a height of a hundred and fourteen feet*, whereas Paul Lucas, who declares he had taken an accurate measurement of it, makes its height no more than ninety-four feet†. This last opinion was generally adopted by the Europeans of Alexandria. The height of the column was admitted there to be from ninety-four to ninety-five feet of France. The pedestal is fifteen feet high; the shaft with the socle, seventy feet; finally, the capital, ten feet; in all, ninety-five feet. The mean diameter is seven feet nine inches. Admitting these proportions, the entire mass of the column may be estimated at six thousand cubic feet. It is well known that the cubic foot of red Egyptian granite, weighs a hundred and eighty-five pounds. The weight of the whole column, therefore, is one million one hundred and ten thousand pounds, eight ounces to the pound.

"However hard the substance of the column may be, it has not escaped the corroding tooth of time. The bottom of the shaft is very much damaged on the east side, and it is very easy to separate, on the same side, thin lamina from the pedes-

* Letters on Egypt, vol. i. p. 36.

† Journey of Paul Lucas, in 1714, vol. ii. p. 22.

tal. It has been already remarked, that the hieroglyphics of Cleopatra's needle were corroded on the face exposed to that point of the compass. It is most probably the effect of the wind blowing from the sea. Some have pretended, that on the opposite face, that to the west, a Greek inscription was discernible, when the sun bore upon it; but with all the attention I could employ, it was not in my power to perceive any thing of it.

"The ground on which the pillar is raised having given way, part of the pivot which supports it has been laid open. It is a block of six feet only in the square: it bears the weight, as a centre, of a pedestal much larger than itself; which proves the exact perpendicularity of the whole. It too is granite, but of a species different from that of the column. The people of the country had built round the pivot, in the view of strengthening the pedestal. This piece of masonry, totally useless, was formed of stones of various qualities, among which fragments of marble, detached from the ruins of some antique edifice, and sculptured with beautiful hieroglyphics, attracted notice. While some were exerting themselves to prevent the falling of the monument, others, the Bedouins, as I was told, endeavoured to bring it down, in the hope of finding treasure under its base when burst to pieces. For this purpose they had employed the action of gunpowder; but very fortunately they had no great skill in the art of mining. The explosion only carried away a portion of the mason-work, so idly intended to be a prop to the pedestal.

"Paul Lucas relates, that in 1714, a mountebank having got upon the capital with a facility which astonished every body, declared it was hollow a-top*. We have some years ago indications more positive on the subject. Some English sailors contrived to get upon the summit of the column, by means of a paper-kite, which assisted them in fixing a ladder of ropes: they found, as well as the man mentioned by Paul Lucas, a great round hollow in the middle of the capital, and moreover, a hole in each of the corners. It is therefore certain, this chapter served as a base to some statue, the fragments of which seem to be irrecoverably lost. Some friends of M.

* Journey of Paul Lucas, in 1714, vol. ii. p. 22.

Roboli, who had been French interpreter at Alexandria, have assured me that he had discovered near the column, pieces of a statue which, to judge from the fragments, must have been of a prodigious magnitude; that he had them conveyed to the house occupied by the French, but that, notwithstanding the most diligent researches, not being able to procure the other pieces of it, he had ordered the first to be thrown into the sea, close by that same house. They were shewn to me, but it was impossible for me to distinguish any thing, for they are almost entirely buried under the sand of the sea. I was farther informed, that those fragments of a statue, were of the most beautiful porphyry.

"We have nothing beyond conjecture, more or less supported by evidence, respecting the *Æra*, and the motives which dictated the construction of the column of Alexandria. The name of *Pompey's Column*, by which it is generally designed, indicates the origin commonly ascribed to it. Cæsar, we are told, ordered it to be erected, to perpetuate the memory of the victory which he had gained over Pompey, in the celebrated battle of Pharsalia. Relying on the testimony of an Arabian author, Savary pretends that it was a monument of the gratitude of the inhabitants of Alexandria to the Roman emperor, Alexander-Severus *. Finally, others ascribe the elevation of the Pillar to a king of Egypt, Ptolemeus-Euergetes.

"Mr. W. Montague, whom his extensive erudition and singular adventures have raised to celebrity, had formed, during his long residence in the east, a new opinion on the same subject. He maintained that the column was the work of Adrian, another Roman emperor, who had travelled in Egypt. But he could adduce no proof in support of this assertion: wishing, nevertheless, to give currency to his idea, he was under the necessity, in the view of persuading others of the truth of what he had persuaded himself, to employ a little ingenious fraud. I have the fact from a witness of undoubted veracity. The sly Englishman had got one of his people to introduce a small coin of the emperor Adrian, in a spot agreed on, between the ground on which this pillar rests, and its sous-base. He afterwards repaired to the place, attended by a numerous company, and, after affected researches, he dexterously un-

* Letters on Egypt, vol. i. p. 37.

earthed the coin with the blade of a knife, and ostentatiously displayed it as an incontestable proof of the truth of his position. He sent an account of the discovery to his own country, where it did not meet with much credit, and indeed hardly could, with persons who knew the column. The Greeks, it is true, from the time of Adrian, had diffused over Egypt the principles of a beautiful architecture, and of elegance in all the arts. A judgment may be formed of this from the remains of the city which that very emperor had caused to be built in the upper part of that country, in honour of Antinöus, a young man celebrated in ancient history for his extraordinary beauty of person, and his generous devotedness to a Roman who has been more cried up than he deserves. The columns which still subsist at Antinöe are cut with greater delicacy, and have forms more elegant than that of Alexandria. Not that this last wants beauty; but its principal merit consists in the prodigious magnitude of its dimensions, and the truly astonishing enormity of its mass.

"The same considerations which suggest a doubt respecting the ascription of this pillar to the time of Adrian, apply still more forcibly to that of the Emperor Severus. Abulfeda, quoted by Savary, only says, "Alexandria possesses a renowned pharos, and the column of Severus *." He adds not a word more, and does not so much as point out the spot where the column of Severus was reared. The city of Alexandria contained such a number of columns, that it is impossible to ascertain to which of them the passage of the Arabic historian is applicable. Alexander Severus traced his pedigree up to Alexander the Great: it was natural for him to prize a city founded by the conqueror his ancestor, and it is by no means wonderful, that he should endeavour farther to embellish it by works of various description, to supply the place of such as had been thrown down or destroyed, with those which had already rendered it so magnificent. On the other hand, on comparing the column dedicated to Severus, and still existing in the ancient city of Antinöe, with that of Alexandria, we shall find it impossible to conclude that they are both of one and the same period. The hieroglyphics with which the granite-pivot, the immoveable support of the column, is sculp-

* Description of Egypt, Savary's translation.

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tured, farther appear a new proof of the period of its elevation, much more ancient than the reigns of Adrian and Severus, and they indicate a production of the most remote antiquity. This consideration, united with the silence of historians on the subject, seem to throw back to an *Æra* more distant than that of the defeat of Pompey, the construction of the column which bears his name. If amidst these uncertainties, which, in defiance of the researches of the learned, frequently involve the past and the future in the same obscurity, I durst venture to hazard an opinion of my own, I should be tempted to ascribe the honour of the erection of the column of Alexandria to the ancient times which produced so many prodigies in Egypt, to those *Æras* when myriads of men were employed, for years together, in transporting masses of stone, the movement of which seemed to exceed human strength, and to demand the exertions of beings more than mortal.

“Whatever be in this sentiment, it would be difficult now to change the appellation so long affixed to the column of Alexandria, and, whatever good reasons may be alleged to the contrary, it is very probable it will still retain the name of *Pompey's Column*. Nevertheless it is likewise probable, that posterity will recollect that this column was the head-quarters, from whence Buonaparte issued orders for the escalade and capture of Alexandria; that the bodies of the heroes who perished as the victims of their own bravery, are deposited round the pedestal, and that their names are engraven upon it; it is likewise probable that, more struck with the genius of the victory, and of the sublime combinations connected with it, than with that which has conferred celebrity on ancient Egypt by her works of stupendous magnificence, absorbed in the immortality of the French nation, shall be disposed to fix the *Æra* of this dawning glory, and that to future ages the *column of Pompey* shall be the *column of the French Republic*!!

ROSETTA is another town of celebrity in Egypt, and we must indulge our readers with an account of it; the length of it will not be displeasing to the inquisitive mind.

“Rosetta not having, like Alexandria, an immediate communication with the sea, you do not find it swarming with
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those multitudes of foreigners, of adventurers, of dangerous men, whose agitation, tumult, and uproar are their element, and which render a residence, at the city last named, so very disagreeable. Remote from the bustle of sea-ports, and from the frequent political convulsions of Cairo, its inhabitants were abundantly peaceable. Not that the European was there secured entirely from insult: he had, at times, disagreeable circumstances to encounter, but they were slight in comparison with those which persecuted him at Alexandria, and which absolutely oppressed him at Cairo. The silly and ridiculous pride which persuades the Mahometans that they alone of mankind are adopted by the Deity, that they are the only persons to whom he ought to open his bosom, a pride which the doctors of the law or the priests, the vainest and most intolerant of all men, took great care to foment, was the principal source of those unpleasant attacks. The Turk describes the European by no other epithet than that of *infidel*; the Egyptian Mussulman, still coarser, treats him merely as a *dog*. With him, *Christian* and *dog* were two terms so exactly synonymous, and in such frequent use, that no attention was paid to the difference, and that they were indiscriminately employed by persons who had no intention to offer an insult. Europeans, in the usual dress of their own country, were likewise exposed, at Rosetta, to be hooted at, in the more populous quarters of the town, and to be pursued with repeated shouts of *Nouzrani*, *Nazarene*. The Jews likewise underwent there those petty persecutions, and, though stationary inhabitants of the country, were much worse treated in it than the Christians of Europe. But that nation is composed of degraded individuals, and deserves to be despised, inasmuch as insensible to contempt, to the disgrace accumulated on them by wave upon wave, they suffered themselves, if I may use the expression, to be deluged with it, provided you left them the facility of glutting their vile and insatiable thirst of gold. Habited in the oriental style, they were obliged, in Egypt, to wear a head-dress, and to be shod, in a peculiar and appropriate manner; but what principally distinguished them, was the tufts of hair, or of beard, which they were forced to let grow, and to keep up, close by the ear, on both sides of the face. Most of the merchants were Turks or Syrians; there were some likewise from Barbary. The Cophts, that degene-

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rate race, descended from the ancient Egyptians, resided there in considerable numbers. Some Arabs too were domesticated in that city, and the plains adjacent were inhabited and cultivated by the *fellahs*; a term which, in Egypt, conveys an idea of contempt, as in ancient times that of *peasant* was with us, to which it corresponds, when the intention is to express rude vulgarity and gross ignorance. The chief command was entrusted to an officer of the Mamelucs, to whom they gave the title of *Aga*.

"The most ordinary pastime here, as well as all over Turkey, is to smoke and drink coffee. The pipe is never from the mouth from morning to night: at home, in the houses of others, in the streets, on horseback, the lighted pipe is still in hand, and the tobacco-pouch hangs always at the girdle. These constitute two great objects of luxury; the purses which serve to contain the provision, are of silken stuffs richly embroidered, and the tubes of the pipes, of an excessive length, are of the rarest, and, for the most part, of the sweetest scented wood. I brought home one made of the jasmine-tree, which is more than six feet long: it may convey an idea of the beauty of the jasmynes of those countries, seeing they push out branches of that length, straight, and sufficiently large to admit of being bored. The pipes of more common wood are covered with a robe of silk tied with threads of gold. The poor, with whom the smoke of tobacco is a necessary of first rate importance, make use of simple tubes of reed. The top of the pipe is garnished with a species of mock alabaster, and white as milk: it is frequently enriched with precious stones. Among persons less opulent, the place of this is supplied by faucets. What goes into the mouth is a morsel of yellow amber, the mild and sweet favour of which, when it is heated or lightly pressed, contributes toward correcting the pungent flavour of the tobacco. To the other extremity of those tubes are adapted very handsome cups of baked clay, and which are commonly denominated the *nuts of the pipes*. Some of them are marbled with various colours, and plated over with gold-leaf. You find them of various sizes: those in most general use through Egypt are more capacious; they are, at the same time, of greater distention. Almost all of them are imported from Turkey, and the reddish clay of which they are formed is

found in the environs of Constantinople. There was a Turk at Rossetta who excelled in this species of manufacture. I took great pleasure sometimes to look over him while at work: a great diversity of small sharp-pointed tools served him to impress, with exquisite delicacy, various designs on the clay in its state of softness; but the process was long and tedious: his pipe-nuts accordingly sold very dear. I had some from him which cost me so high as six franks (five shillings) a piece. Some of them were covered with a capital pierced full of holes, in form of a perfuming pan. This Turk, who had lived a good deal at Constantinople, was not destitute of address; his shop was the resort of the most considerable personages of Rossetta; he was a great friend to the French, and he employed his credit to procure for me the means of travelling comfortably through Lower Egypt.

"It is difficult for Frenchmen, especially for those who are not in the habit of scorching their mouth with our short pipes and strong tobacco, to conceive the possibility of smoking all day long. First, the Turkish tobacco is the best and the mildest in the world; it has nothing of that sharpness which, in European countries, provokes a continual disposition to spit; next, the length of the tube into which the smoke ascends, the odoriferous quality of the wood of which it is made, the amber tip which goes into the mouth, the wood of aloes with which the tobacco is perfumed, contribute more towards its mildness, and to render the smoke of it totally inoffensive in their apartments. The beautiful women, accordingly, take pleasure in amusing their vacant time, by pressing the amber with their rosy lips, and in gently respiring the fumes of the tobacco of Syria, embalmed with those of aloes. It is not necessary, besides, to draw up the smoke with a strong suction, it ascends almost spontaneously. They put the pipe aside, they chat, they look about, from time to time they apply it to the lips, and gently inhale the smoke, which immediately makes its escape from the half-opened mouth. Sometimes they amuse themselves by sending it through the nose; at other times they take a full mouthful, and artfully blow it out on the extended palm, where it forms a spiral column, which it takes a few instants to evaporate. The glands are not pricked, and the throat and breast are not parched by an incessant

cessant discharge of saliva, with which the floors of our smokers are inundated. They feel no inclination to spit, and that affection, so customary with us, is, in the east, considered as a piece of indecency in the presence of persons entitled to superior respect: it is, in like manner, looked upon as highly unpolite to wipe the nose while they are by.

"The Orientalists, who are not under the necessity of labouring, remain almost always in a sitting posture, with their legs crossed under them; they never walk, unless they are obliged to do so; and do not stir from one place to another, without a particular object to put them in motion. If they have an inclination to enjoy the coolness of an orchard, or the purling of a stream, the moment they reach their mark they sit down. They have no idea of taking a walk, except on horseback, for they are very fond of this exercise. It is a great curiosity to observe their looks, as they contemplate an European walking backward and forward, in his chamber, or in the open air, re-treading continually the self-same steps which he had trodden before. It is impossible for them to comprehend the meaning of that going and coming, without any apparent object, and which they consider as an act of folly. The more sensible among them conceive it to be a prescription of our physicians that sets us a-walking about in this manner, in order to take an exercise necessary to the cure of some disorder. The negroes, in Africa, have a similar idea of this practice, and I have seen the savages of South America laugh at it heartily among themselves. It is peculiar to thinking men; and this agitation of the body participates of that of the mind, as a kind of relief to its extreme tension. Hence it comes to pass that all those nations, whose head is empty, whose ideas are contracted, whose mind is neither employed, nor susceptible of meditation, have no need of such a relaxation, of such a diversion of thought, with them, immobility of body is a symptom of the inert state of the brain.

"Those who are oppressed by want of employment, and this is the heritage of the rich, retire to the gardens, of which I have presented a sketch, and, evermore seated, delight themselves with breathing a cool and balsamic air, or listening to wretched music. If they do not choose to go out of town, they repair to one of the coffee-houses, of which we should form a very erroneous idea, in judging of them by our own.

It is a mere tobacco-smoking rendezvous, totally destitute of decoration, and in which nothing absolutely is to be found, except coffee and a live-coal to light the pipes. Mats are spread for the company, and these places of resort are frequented by the men of all nations who reside in Egypt. There is nothing that deserves the name of conversation: a few words only drop occasionally. The Turk is cold and taciturn; he looks down on every other nation with disdain. The African is less disposed to silence, but likes to follow the example of the Turk, and those who are not Mussulmans, take no pains to shun the appearance of a servile subjection to the taste of their tyrants. With the pipe in one hand, a cup of coffee in the other, they slowly wash down, every four or five whiffs of tobacco, with a gulp of coffee. Dancing girls, buffoons, extempore declaimers, come to tender their services, and to earn a bit of money. There is scarcely one of those haunts but what attracts to it some story-teller by profession, who is never tired with talking, nor his auditors with listening to him. The narrations of those indefatigable orators are, for the most part, very insipid and tiresome. The Arabian writers, however, from whom their stories are borrowed, sometimes furnish them with some that are excellent.

“If a person be ever so little known, he can scarcely pass through a street without being invited in, and requested to drink coffee. This expression of politeness is to such a degree a matter of habit, that those who do not possess a single grain of coffee, such as the gardeners of Rossetta, never fail to make an offer of it, though you would embarrass them exceedingly by accepting it. They do not make use of utensils of iron for roasting the beans of the coffee-plant: it is in an earthen vessel that this operation is performed. They afterwards pound them in a mortar of earthen-ware or wood, which preserves their perfume much better than by reducing them to powder in a mill. The vicinity of Arabia renders it perfectly easy to provide themselves with the excellent coffee which it produces. In the opinion of delicate palates, forty beans are little enough to make one cup fit for drinking; and no where do you meet with it so highly flavoured. They do not suffer it to stand still a moment. When it has boiled three times over the fire, and drawing off successively, and at each boiling, a coffee-pot full with a long handful, they pour it into cups, and though it

be not quite clear, there is no reason to regret the want of sugar, which it is not the custom at this place to mix with it."

Mr. SONNINI, though he has thus minutely described the cities of ALEXANDRIA and ROSETTA, is by no means favourable to cities of any description. He therefore accompanies his delineation with these spirited reflections :

"After the eye has wandered with delight over a portion of the brilliant agriculture of Egypt, it is reluctantly brought back to the interior of CITIES. There it is the picture of fertile and generous nature; here we are presented with the sacrilegious efforts to contradict and violate her, of men incapable of relishing of enjoying her beauties. There sensations the gentlest and the most pure, follow each other in rapid succession, and deliciously fill the feeling soul. Here the mind is shocked at the hideous aspect of the vices which dominate in a society equally degenerate and corrupted. But I have engaged to present, without disguise, my observations of every kind; and those which have a reference to the manners of the *existing Egyptians*, ought to find a place in a general description."

From these extracts our readers may form a tolerable judgment of this work, which seems to have been worthy of the excellent translation it has received. The industry and activity of the French in the advancement of arts and sciences, are to be warmly commended. But we cannot admire their consummate vanity; nor do we applaud their lust of empire, by which they are led to disturb the peace of other nations, and to involve their comforts in one common destruction. These Travels were made by SONNINI in the year 1778; and we understand that the favourable reports of this gentleman led *Buonaparte* to undertake his celebrated expedition into Egypt.

The General Apiarian, wherein a simple, humane, and advantageous Method of obtaining the Produce of Bees, without destroying them, is pointed out, in a Series of Letters to a Friend. By J. Isaac, Secretary to the Apiarian Society. Trueman, Exeter; Johnson, London. 2s. 6d.

THE title of this little work fully explains its nature and tendency. Its ingenious author seems to understand his subject, and conveys in a small compass much useful information. The *bee* is, in every respect, worthy of our admiration, and of the value of this industrious animal Mr. Isaac is thoroughly apprised. *Thirteen* letters comprise the work, where the principal topics relative to this subject are discussed with good sense and simplicity. Two engravings accompany the publication, which are neatly executed.

We are aware that our readers in general may find little interest in the cultivation and management of bees, but to their sting we are all equally exposed. We shall, therefore, transcribe the remedy here specified, confident that the benevolent author has here brought it forward in full persuasion of its efficacy.—“Nothing will, in all cases, prevent scalding and inflammation in some people, when they are stung; but the following is the best remedy I am acquainted with. *Take out the sting immediately, rub the wound well with broad cloth or other cloth, and then press and rub upon it the bee which has stung you, or any other bee deprived of its sting.* If this be done quickly, little or no swelling will take place. But when the part has swollen, strike it frequently with Goulard’s extract of lead, hartshorn, or vinegar.”

Letters written from various Parts of the Continent, between the Years 1785 and 1794, containing a Variety of Anecdotes relative to the present State of Literature in Germany, and the celebrated German Literati; with an Appendix, in which are included Three Letters of Gray's, never before published in this Country. Translated from the German of Frederick Mathison. By Ann Plumptre, Translator of several of Kotzebue's Plays. 7s. Longman.

THE popularity of these Letters in Germany, occasioned their translation into our language, and they certainly contain many pieces of information, which contributed to our entertainment. It appears that the Germans are losing that dull phlegm for which they were distinguished, and are beginning to make a considerable figure in the literary world.

The following account of Mr. Gibbon will entertain the reader, though we lament its brevity :

“ *Lausanne, 1789.*

“ I yesterday visited Gibbon. His exterior is very striking, he is tall and athletic, but withal somewhat unwieldy in his motions. His countenance is one of the most extraordinary physiognomical phenomena imaginable, on account of the irregular proportions of every part to the whole. His eyes are so small that they form the most inflexible contrast with his high and stately-arched forehead: his flat nose is almost lost between his full projecting cheeks, and his very long double chin makes a face already somewhat of the longest still more striking. But notwithstanding these irregularities, Gibbon's countenance has an uncommon expression of dignity, and speaks at the first glance the deep and acute reasoner. Nothing can exceed the glowing animation of his eyes.

“ Gibbon has thoroughly the address and manners of a polished man of the world; he is coldly polite, speaks French with elegance, and has acquired (which is considered as a real phenomenon in an Englishman) almost the pronunciation of

the Parisian Literati. He listens to himself with great complacency, and always speaks slowly, because he first considers with care every sentence that he utters. He preserves the same unaltered mien in all circumstances, whether please it or unpleasant, and hears with a like steadiness of feature, a tale of joy, or a story of the deepest woe, nor, while I was with him, did his countenance once vary into a smile, notwithstanding that the conversation led him to relate a very humorous occurrence. The most excessive punctuality and order reigns throughout his house, his servants must dispatch their business to a minute, or they run the hazard of being dismissed. Of this exactness he sets them the example himself, for his day is divided like that of the Anglo-Saxon King Alfred; he goes, at the striking of the clock, to work, to table, or into company, nor continues at any of these employments one minute longer than the unalterably established order of the day allows. A hair-dresser was discarded because he came a few minutes after the time appointed; his successor in order to be perfectly secure came a few minutes too soon, but he shared the same fate, and the third only who entered the house-door as the clock struck was retained.

"Gibbon is at present employed in making a catalogue of his library, in which are many choice and expensive works, particularly excellent editions of the classics; and in general it is considered as one of the best private libraries ever collected. His first work that he published was written in French, while he was very young, and he told me it was become so scarce, that a copy was lately sold at an auction for two guineas, although it was only a small pamphlet. It was among the ruins of the Capitol that he first planned writing "*The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*;" and he has with manly perseverance run the most laborious career ever pursued by any historian.

"Our conversation soon turned from the ancient English literature, wherein he shewed very great knowledge, to the German. Gibbon, one of the greatest scholars of our age, whom nothing worthy of attention which has been produced in England, France, Italy, or Spain, almost in every branch of human learning, has escaped, yet betrays an extremely confined knowledge of the history of our language and literature,

nor had even heard of the German imitations of ancient metres. He mentioned Algarotti's Treatise on Rhyme, in which the author, entirely passing over the Germans, only enumerates the unsuccessful attempts at hexameters made by the English, French, and Italians. I was induced by this to enter on a short sketch of the history of our language: I recounted the rapid improvement made in it within a few years, and concluded with mentioning a German *Odyssey*, in which the translator has not only preserved the metre, and number of verses in the original, but in many of the hexameters retained the very feet. My memory was faithful enough to enable me to repeat both the Greek, and German, of the two celebrated verses on Sisyphus rolling his stone, from the eleventh book of the *Odyssey*.

"Notwithstanding his ignorance of the German language, he could not but be convinced, merely from his ear, of the masterly construction of both these hexameters, nor can I describe his astonishment, as he made me repeat them many times over. He immediately conceived so high an opinion of the improvement of our language, and of the gigantic progress of our literature, (as he expressed himself) that he declared his resolution to learn German as soon as he should be sufficiently at leisure.

"I hope you will seize the first opportunity of becoming personally acquainted with this celebrated man, whose house is the resort of the most select society, and of all intelligent foreigners that come into these parts. I embrace you with my whole soul."

In our next Number will be given the *Three Letters* of Mr. Gray, replete with sensibility.

Poems on various Subjects, by R. Anderson of Carlisle.
3s. Clarke.

THIS poet is self-educated, and therefore his productions must not be severely scrutinized. We, however, are pleased with many parts of this little volume, and can recommend it to our readers. In his Preface he professes himself, with modesty, to be destitute

tute of learning, and is occupied in a department of the calico-printing business. His lines may, on the whole, be read with pleasure; and the following, taken from his piece entitled the *Soldier*, breathes an amiable and affecting strain of sensibility:

“O ye! who feel not poverty’s keen gripe,
But loll with luxury on beds of down;
While the poor warrior on the sun-burnt heath
Or frozen plain, in sleepless anguish lies!
Think, think of him, the victim of your ease;
And when he ’scapes the gore-stain’d field where death,
So oft a friend, the HERO frees from pain;
Attentive hear the wounded wanderer’s tale,
Nor mock, with scorn his honourable scars;
But let compassion pour soft pity’s balm
Into the wounds which only death can cure!”

A Sermon occasioned by the Death of the Reverend Joseph Towers, L. L. D. delivered at Newington Green, June 2, 1799, by the Reverend James Lindsay; to which is added the Oration delivered at his Interment, by the Reverend Thomas Jervis. Johnson.

MR. Lindsay (the successor of Dr. Fordyce) and Mr. Jervis (the successor of Dr. Kippis) have here paid a handsome tribute of respect to the memory of a man whose talents and virtues ensured to him no inconsiderable degree of approbation. Of the late Dr. Towers we have already given ample memoirs in our Miscellany for last June; we have therefore only to add, that this publication does much credit to its respective authors. The sermon is eloquently written, and the oration was every way suited to the melancholy occasion.

In the sermon the preacher has ably stated the doctrine of our immortality, and thus bursts forth in a strain

strain of exalted piety : " Infidel cease ! tread not with daring step and cruel purpose that hallowed ground, which upholds, and upholds well whatever wisdom or affection values most. Respect at least the sensibilities of a wounded spirit, and leave to the mourner in Zion, O ! leave him that faith which alone can reconcile him to the death of others ; which alone can fortify his courage in the prospect of his own, which alone can fill his heart with peace and joy in believing.

" But why bespeak the forbearance of infidelity, when we may securely defy its most inveterate enmity ? We are covered with the armour of God ; we wield the weapons of everlasting truth. We stand upon that rock against which the gates of hell shall not prevail. We know in whom we have believed, and that he is able to keep the good thing which we commit to him till the fair dawning of that morn, which shall give us back all that has been excellent in wisdom and in virtue ; all that has been pleasing to the eye of fancy, or dear to the heart of affection."

Strictures on a Work, entitled an Essay on Philosophical Necessity, by Alexander Crombie. These Strictures are comprised in Three Letters, addressed to the Reverend T. Twining, to which is added an Appendix, shewing in various Particulars, the Affinity there is between Necessity and Predestination. By John Gollodge. Johnson and Dilly. Price 1s.

IN defence of these abstruse subjects, *Liberty and Necessity*, writers of the greatest ability have appeared ; and it is almost impossible to understand all their intricate speculations. Mr. Crombie wrote an able vindication of Necessity ; and now Mr. Gollodge has come forward with no small ingenuity to refute it. He deems it to be nearly allied to predestination, and therefore pregnant

nant with mischief and absurdity. Mr. Golledge displays great shrewdness in most of his remarks, and has evidently paid considerable attention to the controversy.

It is not for us to determine where the truth lies on so profound a subject; and it is remarkable that the perplexity of the theme seems to have troubled angelic minds, according to the representations of the great Milton:

“Others apart sat on a hill retir’d,
In thoughts more elevate, and reason’d high
Of Providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate;
Fix’d fate, free-will, fore-knowledge absolute,
And found no end—in wand’ring mazes lost!”

To us short-sighted mortals, therefore, the subject must appear *dark*, and we refer the solution of these difficulties to a more enlightened sphere of being.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Eleanor and Mary, the *Essay on Poetry, Music, and Dancing*, and the *Essay on Riches*, shall be inserted; also *Civis's* Communications. We should wish to know to what length his *Tale* is to be extended. The *Letter*, by *Trifram*, is under consideration. *Lines to a Lady* playing on the Piano Forte, and on the *Falling Leaf*, shall have an admission. The *Lines on Buonaparte* are a wretched composition. *Evening and Corydon* are under consideration.

To the proffered observations on the *Tragedy of Pizarro*, we shall pay due attention.

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After a copy

Hannah More.

London: Printed by J. Johnson, in Pall Mall.

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